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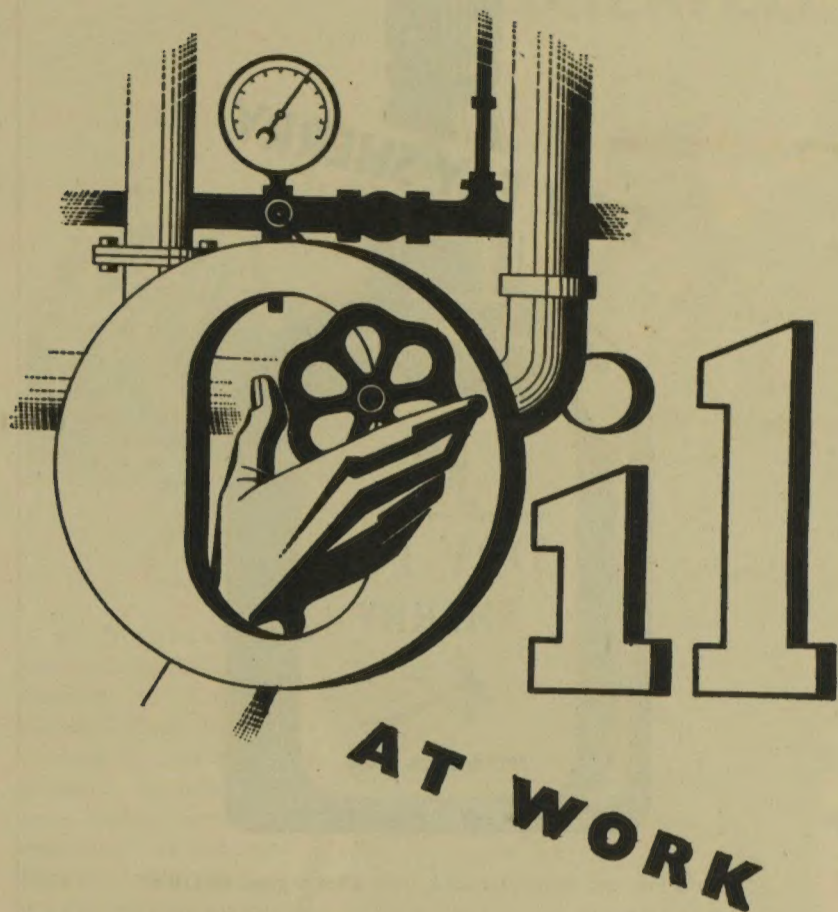


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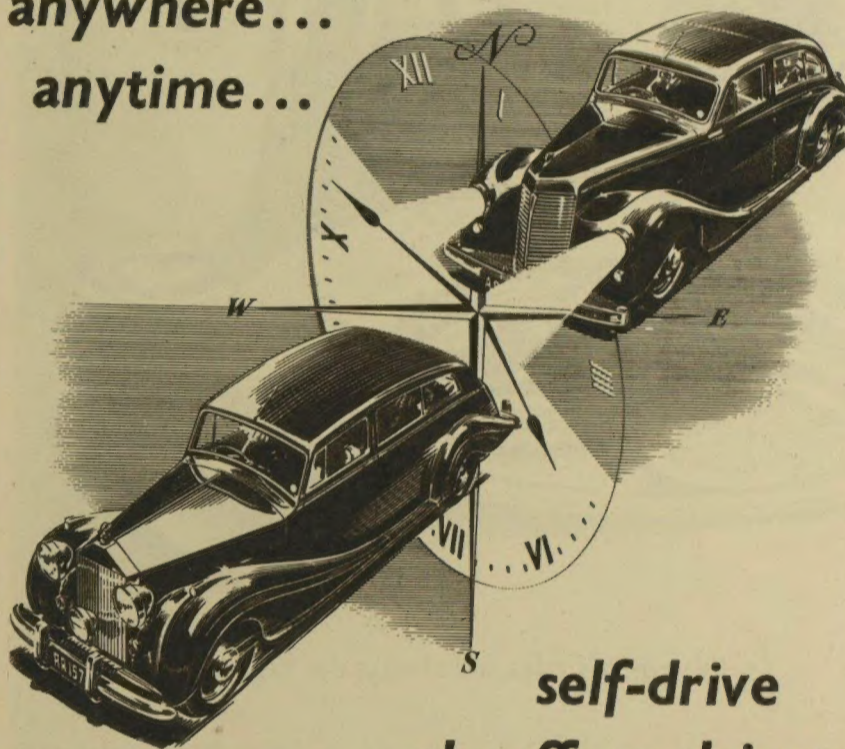


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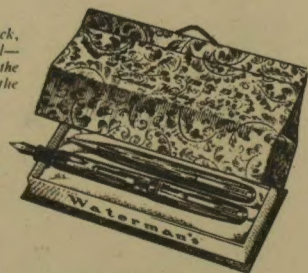
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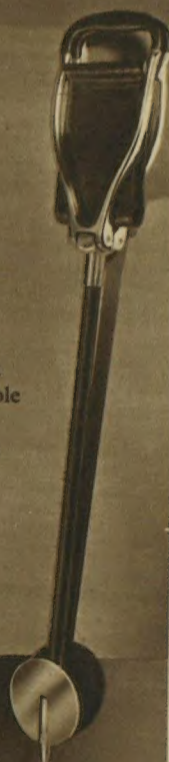
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1951.



**KEEPING THE PEACE IN EGYPT: MEN OF THE 1ST BN., THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, MANNING A ROAD BLOCK IN ISMAILIA, WHILE RESTORING ORDER AFTER WIDESPREAD ANTI-BRITISH RIOTING BY AN EGYPTIAN MOB.**

The Egyptian crisis began on October 8 when Nahas Pasha introduced legislation to end the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian Treaty and to declare King Farouk King of Egypt and Sudan. On October 10 there were anti-British riots in Cairo and the United States condemned the Egyptian abrogation move. On October 12 an offer, which had been in preparation for some time, was made by Britain,

France, Turkey and the U.S.A. to include Egypt as equal partner in a Middle East and Suez Canal defence plan. On October 15 Egypt refused this offer and confirmed the abrogation of the 1936 treaty. On the following day there was severe rioting in the Canal Zone; and during October 17, 18 and 19 British troops were reinforced, restored order and took over control of the Canal Zone.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT seems to have become a fashion in most parts of the world—it used to be only so in Bloomsbury—to abuse the name of England. It is not only despised and vilified beyond the Iron Curtain; it is decried now in lands from the Middle East to the Middle West. From Teheran to Chicago, from Moscow to the Persian Gulf the English are being abused to-day for being a variety of conflicting things, all of them rather unpleasant: imperialists and quitters, capitalist exploiters and socialist spongers, murderers and milksops. Perhaps it is natural that they should be so abused; perhaps the vagaries, absurdities and contradictions of our foreign policy during recent years and our own apparent lack of grip on the realities of our grim but not, to a brave and resourceful people, irretrievable situation, have made such abuse inevitable. None the less, it is unjust abuse; and, as being English, I hate injustice above all things, it makes me angry. For with all their faults the British people, who are the subjects of such abuse, have done and suffered more for the cause of human freedom, humanity and just dealing than any other people at present inhabiting the earth. It has been their good fortune to be able to do so as well as their virtue. To a degree unsurpassed by any nation, I think, in history, they have been unselfish, enduring and generous. They have stood, without flinching, when other stronger nations were not ready to fight, in the seemingly

who, when we were at their mercy, treated us as a Christian people." The Persians and Egyptians who, unable to defend themselves, remained in profitable peace behind the broad red cross of England when all the rest of the world was breaking, may soon find, if they do not meet a juster fate than their leaders merit, what it is to be at the mercy of a non-Christian people.

I realise the faults of the English people of to-day; I have often written of them on this page. Some of them spring out of the reaction after the immense effort they have twice made in the cause of humanity during my lifetime, and from the privations they are still suffering as a result of those efforts. Others arise from deep-seated national faults that appear to operate whenever the English, easy-going and inclined, when not aroused, to sloth and complacency, lack the leadership of men trained in a tradition of discipline, sustained effort and purpose; in other words of an aristocracy of effort. Yet when I think of the ordinary English men and women I meet in the streets and fields; of the cheerful and indomitable Londoners as I saw them during the blitz winter and flying-bomb summer, of the greyfaced, patient, resolute housewives feeding their families year after year in the face of every personal difficulty and shortage, of the labourers in the sodden English fields and byres carrying out their arduous, unending task on rations that would send a New World farmer into a decline, I wonder what Persian and Egyptian millionaires can mean when

THE WEDDING OF THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD AND MISS SUSAN HORNBY.



AT THE RECEPTION IN GOLDSMITHS' HALL: A GROUP SHOWING THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WITH H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.M. QUEEN MARY (SEATED), AND (BACK ROW L. TO R.) THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, MR. CHURCHILL, MISS ELIZABETH WARD, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCESS MARGARET, THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD, THE BRIDE, MR. HORNBY, MR. W. WALLACE (BEST MAN), THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MRS. HORNBY, THE HON. ROSEMARY VILLIERS AND MRS. CHURCHILL. THE CHILD BRIDESMAIDS AND BRIDAL ATTENDANTS ARE ALSO SHOWN.

The Queen made her first public appearance since the King's operation when she attended the wedding on October 19 of Captain the Marquess of Blandford and Miss Susan Mary Hornby at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lord Blandford, who is twenty-five, is the heir of the Duke of Marlborough. His bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby, of Faringdon, Berkshire. The Bishop of Lichfield, Canon Charles Smyth, Canon H. Pickles, and the Rev. J. W. Cole took part in the service. Members of the Royal family who were present included Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Major-General the Earl of Athlone. Queen Mary attended the reception afterwards at Goldsmiths' Hall. Mr. William Wallace was best man; Mr. and Mrs. Churchill were among the guests. Lord and Lady Blandford are spending their honeymoon in Majorca and America. [Photograph by Lenare.]

that valiant, unyielding but inherently gentle man whom, in Milton's words, God in this imperfect world sends for when He wants great things done. I am not such a man myself—I am a mere writer, blown by every wind of feeling as a writer usually is—but I cannot see such a man's life service abused and remain unprotesting. Had it not been for God's Englishman in my own day, the world would now be either a shambles or a prison camp. The stench of Belsen would lie heavy across an oppressed planet from Teheran to Chicago. This is no mere figure of speech; it is the truth. At Mons and Ypres, at Jutland and at Meggido, at Dunkirk and in the Atlantic winters of 1940 and 1941, Englishmen saved civilisation. That others later took their places beside them and, with their greater numbers, made possible a victory which England, or Britain, or the British Commonwealth, could never have won by herself, does not make that mighty achievement any the less. And when victory was won, both in 1945 and 1918, how generously, judged by the normal standards of nations with political and martial power, England then behaved. She gave freedom to Ireland and Egypt, to Arab and Jew, to India and Pakistan, to Ceylon and Burma. In all the years that have followed her victory in 1918—none, in the annals of mankind greater or more complete, despite the folly that threw it away—I can think of only one act of British policy that, even by the most exacting standards, could be termed aggression: the fortuitous and somewhat confused and confusing annexation of the little Sarawak Protectorate by a high-principled Labour Government in 1946; and even this was done, by however questionable means, out of the highest motives. But for that, England's record in this matter has been flawless for half a century. "I chose as friends," wrote General Smuts, thinking of the beginning of those fifty years of honourable dealing, "the nation who fought against us but

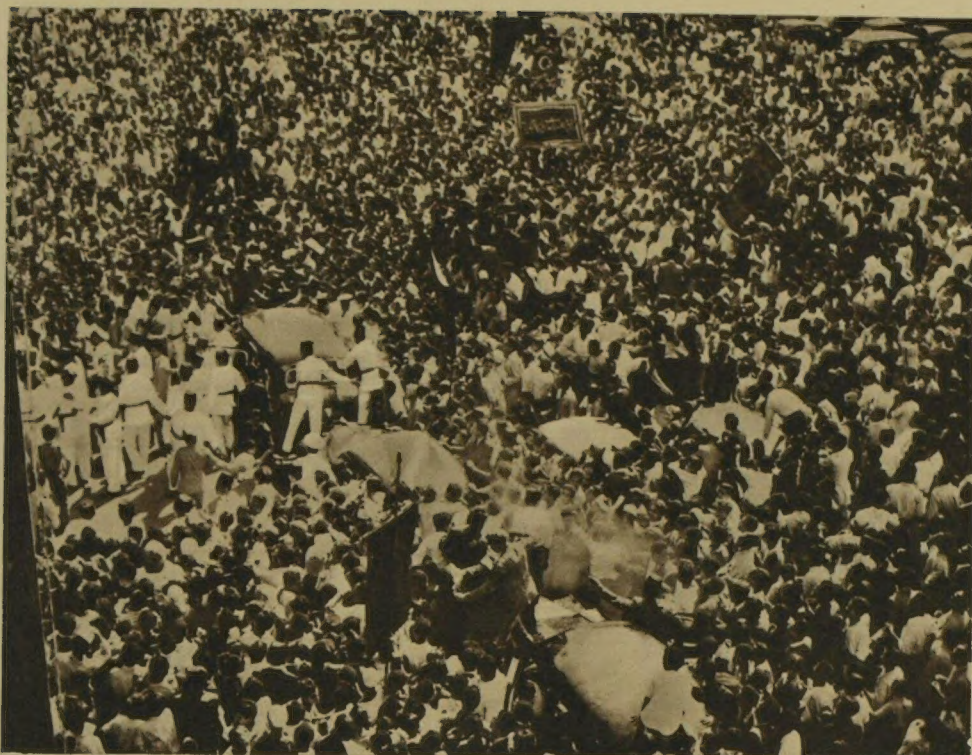
they abuse the English in the rostrums of the world as exploiters and parasites. They rode by in their Rolls-Royces—made by English labour and bought out of the money which working and fighting England lavished on all her allies, however little part they took in the war—when the ordinary Englishman, in khaki dungarees, was toiling along in the dust of their highways, a selfless exile far from home, to save them and their countries from the fate of Poland and Greece. One should not, perhaps, look for gratitude or justice from critics so ignoble; but one might expect some slight glimmering of proportion and realism.

Yet the vilifiers of England can scarcely be blamed when those who speak for England in public show so little respect for her people's achievements. As a postscript to this plea for elementary justice, I have just

read that the authorities of the B.B.C., having cancelled the broadcast of the Alamein Reunion Night at the Albert Hall on the ground that it might influence electors, have left, on a different wave-length, an alternative programme in praise of Rommel and the Afrika Korps. Praise for a brave foe and chivalry in war are splendid virtues, though I recall vividly that many of those who now uncritically acclaim Rommel as an amalgam of Bayard and Cromwell were particularly critical at the time—and most intemperately so—of British generals who, out of decent and soldierly feeling and in accord with an ancient and honourable tradition, entertained their defeated foes after their capture in the desert. But the retention of the Rommel programme when the Alamein Reunion memorial gathering had been dropped is not chivalry; it seems—though it cannot be so intended—like a slight to our own dead. For the men who fell fighting Rommel and the Afrika Korps were fighting to end those evil courses which Rommel and his men were defending; they gave their lives and all they possessed and loved to prevent the triumph of evil; and we, who are the beneficiaries of their sacrifice, owe reverence and respect to their memory. Patriotism is not, as is vulgarly supposed, an uncritical and noisy support of one's country, right or wrong: that, indeed, is the patriotism of the street arabs of Cairo and their unjust, noisy leaders. It is a love only of the virtues that have made one's country's name beautiful and its liberty fruitful and secure. Those virtues were possessed by the brave Englishmen and their British and Commonwealth compatriots who fought and wrought and died that the cause of evil should be defeated, as at Alamein they were defeated.

Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?—say Whoso turns as I, this evening, turns to God to praise and pray.

## THE ABROGATION OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TREATY, AND IMMEDIATE CONSEQUENCES.



INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL TO WHICH AGITATORS APPLIED THE MATCH IN ISMAILIA: THE VAST CROWD WHICH GREETED NAHAS PASHA IN FRONT OF CAIRO RAILWAY STATION ON OCTOBER 16.



JUBILANT WHEN THE EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT PASSED THE DECREES ABROGATING THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TREATY ON OCTOBER 15: NAHAS PASHA, PRIME MINISTER (LEFT), WITH TWO OF HIS MINISTERS.



AFTER THE RIOTING WAS OVER: ARMED EGYPTIAN POLICE DEPLOYED IN A SMALL GARDEN IN ISMAILIA ON OCTOBER 19, WHEN THEY HAD RESUMED CONTROL OF THE TOWN.



KILLED WHEN A MOB ATTACKED THE BRITISH CAMP AT PORT SAID ON OCTOBER 16: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF FIVE RIOTERS PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE PORT.



ON STRIKE AT THE R.A.F. STATION AT ABU SUEIR: A CROWD OF EGYPTIAN LABOURERS DEMONSTRATING ON OCTOBER 16.

On October 16 rioting broke out at Ismailia and at other points in the Canal Zone, but elsewhere the demonstrations in support of the Egyptian Government's unilateral abrogation of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty were peaceful. In Cairo a vast crowd assembled outside the railway station to greet the Prime Minister, Nahas Pasha, who had been visiting Alexandria. At the R.A.F. station



AT A ROAD BLOCK ESTABLISHED BY BRITISH TROOPS IN ISMAILIA AFTER THE RIOTING: AN EGYPTIAN TRAFFIC POLICEMAN (IN FOREGROUND) HALTING VEHICLES.

at Abu Sueir the Egyptian labourers withdrew their labour and in the afternoon a large mob attacked a British camp in Port Said and British troops and Egyptian police opened fire. Five of the rioters who were killed in the "battle" were buried on October 18, their flag-draped coffins being carried through the streets of the port. The British forces are now being strongly reinforced by sea and air.

# THE AFTERMATH OF THE ABROGATION OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TREATY.



THE RIOTING IN ISMAILIA ON OCTOBER 16: BRITISH TROOPS TAKING UP POSITIONS IN THE UNDERGROWTH ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN, WHILE AN OFFICER IS INTERVIEWED BY EGYPTIAN NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.



THE BRITISH SOLDIER AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF LAW AND ORDER AND WITH THE POWER TO ENFORCE OBEDIENCE: MEN OF THE 1ST BATTALION, THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, MANNING A ROAD BLOCK IN ISMAILIA AFTER RIOTERS HAD SET FIRE TO A N.A.A.F.I. CANTEN AND A NUMBER OF CARS.



EVACUATED FROM ISMAILIA TO A NEAR-BY BRITISH ARMY CAMP FOLLOWING THE RIOTING: A BRITISH FAMILY, WITH THEIR DOG, BOARD AN ARMY LORRY.

The British soldier had his traditional duty to perform on October 16 when troops were called out to restore order in Ismailia, where rioting mobs had got out of hand and the Egyptian police were powerless to give protection to British lives and property. A British soldier was stabbed, vehicles conveying children to school were stoned, and the N.A.A.F.I. canteen in the town was looted and burned. Cars and lorries were stopped in the streets, overturned and set on fire.

(RIGHT.) BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO EGYPT SINCE 1950: SIR RALPH STEVENSON, WHO RECEIVED A NOTE OF PROTEST FROM THE EGYPTIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.



(LEFT.) OPPOSED TO THE ANNEXATION OF THE SUDAN BY EGYPT: ABDULLAH BEY KHALIL, LEADER OF THE SUDAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY AND SECRETARY OF THE UMMU PARTY.



(RIGHT.) IN COMMAND OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE, WHICH OWES ALLEGIANCE TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL: MAJOR-GENERAL R. L. SCOONES.



PROTECTING BRITISH LIVES AND PROPERTY FOLLOWING LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, WITH FIXED BAYONETS



SET ON FIRE BY RIOTERS IN ISMAILIA: ONE OF A CONVOY OF ARMY LORRIES HELD UP BY THE FIRE OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS AND THEN DESTROYED BY THE MOB.

The 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers, moved into the town with fixed bayonets and restored order, but not before they had had to fire on the mobs, inflicting casualties. British families and service personnel were evacuated from the town to the security of the army zone. By nightfall General Headquarters was able to issue a statement that "the situation at Ismailia is now under control after the rioting of this morning, when a canteen and cars were burned and during which British

# RIOTS IN ISMAILIA, AND SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS



(LEFT.) GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN SINCE 1947: SIR ROBERT HOWE, WHO CUT SHORT HIS LEAVE AND RETURNED TO KHARTOUM ON OCTOBER 13.



(RIGHT.) RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FIRM HANDLING OF THE MOBS IN ISMAILIA: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ERSKINE, GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT.



(LEFT.) COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF MIDDLE EAST LAND FORCES SINCE 1950: GEN. SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON, WHO ARRIVED IN THE CANAL ZONE ON OCT. 19.



GUARDING THE ROADS INTO SUEZ: BRITISH TROOPS BROUGHT TO THE SCENE IN ARMY LORRIES ESTABLISHING A CONTROL POINT FOR STOPPING AND SEARCHING ALL IN-COMING AND OUT-GOING TRAFFIC AFTER THE RIOTING.



ACTS OF VIOLENCE BY MOBS IN ISMAILIA: MEN OF THE AND COVERED BY A BREN GUN, AT A ROAD JUNCTION.



BURNED AND LOOTED BY RIOTERS ON OCTOBER 16: THE N.A.A.F.I. CANTEEN IN ISMAILIA GUARDED BY A BRITISH PATROL WHEN TROOPS WERE SENT TO RESTORE ORDER PENDING THE ARRIVAL OF ADDITIONAL EGYPTIAN POLICE, TO WHOM THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES HANDED OVER ENTIRE RESPONSIBILITY.



WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE BRITISH TROOPS INTERVENED AND RESTORED ORDER IN ISMAILIA: CARS OVERTURNED, SMASHED AND SET ON FIRE BY THE RIOTERS, WHO COULD NOT BE RESTRAINED BY THE POLICE.



ESCORTING AN ENGLISHWOMAN AND HER BABY THROUGH THE STREETS OF ISMAILIA ON OCTOBER 19: A SOLDIER OF THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS ON DUTY.

troops opened fire to clear the mob." Having established order the Army authorities handed over responsibility for security to Egyptian security forces and 2000 additional police were brought to the town. The prompt action taken by Lieut.-General Sir George Erskine, General Officer Commanding British Troops in Egypt, undoubtedly prevented the situation from deteriorating to a point where the lives of British women and children might have been imperilled. Following the rioting,

troops in the Suez Canal Zone were reinforced by troops of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade, who were flown to Fayid from Cyprus, and the 19th Infantry Brigade in the U.K. was placed under orders for Middle East duties. The Governor-General of the Sudan, Sir Robert Howe, who has been on leave, returned to Khartoum on October 13, where he told the Executive Council that he could not recognise any abrogation by one party of the 1899 Condominium Agreement.

## CYPRUS-SUEZ AIR REINFORCEMENT; AND BRITISH CONTROL OF THE CANAL.



CUT OFF FROM THEIR UNIT IN THE SINAI DESERT AND AWAITING THE PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH ARMY TO RETURN: EGYPTIAN TROOPS ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE EL FERDAN BRIDGE.



MEN OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE EMBARKING IN THE AIRCRAFT WHICH FLEW THEM FROM CYPRUS TO REINFORCE BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT.



SMILING CHEERFULLY OVER THEIR "MUGS OF CHAR," BEFORE EMBARKING AT NICOSIA FOR SUEZ: MEN OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE.



THE EL FERDAN SWING BRIDGE, WARPED BACK FOR THE PASSAGE OF A FLOATING-DOCK, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR SOME MONTHS AGO. (INSET) BRIGADIER DARLING, COMMANDING THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE.



GLOOMILY AWAITING A BRITISH PERMIT TO PROCEED: EGYPTIAN TROOPS AND THEIR LORRY AT THE EL FERDAN SWING BRIDGE, THEN UNDER BRITISH CONTROL, FOLLOWING THE ISMAILIA RIOTS.

Our photographs on this page illustrate very vividly two important aspects of the Suez Canal Zone situation. The great majority of the Egyptian Army is in the Sinai Desert near the Israel border; and the British take-over of the Canal bridge at El Ferdan, and the canal ferries, has meant that Egyptian Army east-west troop movements are controlled, at present, by a British permit system,

as announced by Lieut.-General Sir George Erskine, G.O.C. British troops in Egypt, on October 19. In the meanwhile, the development of military air transport has made possible the reinforcement of the British Canal Zone troops at very short notice, since it was possible to fly-in the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade in a two-day, twenty-four-hour shuttle service from Cyprus.

# SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



IN LONDON: MR. D. A. KIMBALL, THE SECRETARY FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY (RIGHT). Mr. Dan A. Kimball, the Secretary for the United States Navy, arrived in London on October 17 for a short visit before returning to the United States on October 19. He has been touring U.S. military bases in Europe. Our photograph shows him leaving the American Embassy with Rear-Admiral W. F. Boone (U.S. Navy—centre) and Mr. H. S. Graham, Assistant Secretary to the Treasury (left) after a meeting with the ambassador.



**SIR NEVILLE M. BUTLER.**  
Appointed British Ambassador at The Hague in succession to Sir Philip Nichols. Sir Neville Butler, who is fifty-seven, has been British Ambassador at Rio de Janeiro since 1947. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, he entered the Foreign Office in 1920.



**MR. ROGER B. STEVENS.**  
To be British Ambassador at Stockholm in succession to Sir Harold Farquhar, who is retiring for health reasons. Mr. Stevens, who is forty-five, entered the Consular Service in 1928. Since 1948 he has been an Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office.



**SIR JAMES CHADWICK.**  
Awarded the Franklin Medal, highest honour given by the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, for outstanding work in nuclear physics. Sir James Chadwick, who is sixty-one, has been Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, since 1948.



**MR. FRANK COLLINDRIDGE.**  
The Labour candidate for Barnsley, which he had represented since 1938, Mr. Collindrige died on October 16 after addressing a meeting. He was a member of the Executive of the Mineworkers' Federation, and Comptroller of H.M. Household since 1946.

# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



THE LAURENCE MINOT BOMBING TROPHY: S/LDR. LADYMAN RECEIVING IT FROM LORD TRENCHARD. Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard on October 17, at Upwood, presented to No. 7 Squadron, the Laurence Minot Bombing Trophy for bombing accuracy. This is the eighth time that the Squadron has won the trophy, which was presented anonymously to the Air Council in 1926 in memory of Captain L. Minot, M.C., who was killed in action in Flanders in 1917 with the Royal Flying Corps.



**SWORN IN AS PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN ON OCTOBER 19: KHWAJA NAZIMUDDIN.** Following the assassination of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, H.E. Khwaja Nazimuddin resigned from the office of Governor-General of Pakistan, which he had held since 1948, and was appointed Prime Minister. A leading figure in the Muslim League, he is fifty-seven, and was formerly Premier of East Bengal, and was educated at Aligarh, Dunstable Grammar School, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was a member of the Working Committee of the All India Muslim League, 1937-47.



THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD, THE LIFE GUARDS, TO MISS SUSAN MARY HORNBY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

The Queen, Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal family were present at the marriage of Captain the Marquess of Blandford, The Life Guards, son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, to Miss Susan M. Hornby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby, on October 19.



**SWORN IN AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF PAKISTAN: MR. GHULAM MOHAMMAD.** In a ceremony at the Durbar Hall, Karachi, on October 19, Mr. Ghulam Mohammad was sworn in as Governor-General of Pakistan in succession to Khwaja Nazimuddin, who is now Prime Minister. Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, who is fifty-six, has been Minister for Finance and Economic Affairs in the Pakistan Government since 1947. His health has not been good for some time and he entered the Durbar Hall leaning heavily on the arm of an aide.



WAR LEADERS AT THE ALAMEIN REUNION ON OCTOBER 19: MR. CHURCHILL, GENERAL EISENHOWER AND FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY (L. TO R.). Mr. Churchill and General Eisenhower were guests of Field Marshal Lord Montgomery at the Alamein Reunion at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, on October 19. All three war leaders spoke, and were given rousing welcomes by the 7000 men and women assembled. They watched a pageant representing how men and women from the Empire joined with British forces in defence of liberty.



**MR. GEORGE RUSSELL.** Died on Oct. 15, aged 94, Mr. Russell originated, by 15 years of cross-breeding, the strain of many-coloured Russell lupins. A gardener's boy when aged 10, he worked as a jobbing gardener for 40 years. He was awarded the R.H.S. Veitch Memorial Medal in silver in 1937, and became an M.B.E. in 1951.



PREPARING TO TAKE OVER IN BERLIN: MAJOR-GENERAL COLEMAN (LEFT), WITH THE RETIRING BRITISH COMMANDANT, MAJOR-GENERAL BOURNE. Major-General Bourne bade farewell to the citizens of Berlin at a sitting of the House of Deputies on October 18, and introduced his successor, Major-General Coleman. Major-General Bourne, who has been G.O.C. Berlin (British sector) since 1949, is returning to England to take up his appointment as G.O.C. 16th Airborne Division. Major-General C. F. Coleman has been G.O.C. South-Western District since 1949.

IT is not to be wondered at that a number of people are now saying: "Ah, we had a foreign policy when Ernie Bevin was alive. He was a real Foreign Minister." That is a comment natural enough in the light of events which have just occurred or are still in progress, though it happens to be true in only a limited sense. It must be doubted whether historians will rank Mr. Bevin among the great Foreign Secretaries; they may not place him even among the good ones of the second rank. Whether we actually had a foreign policy in his time may be a matter for discussion; if so, it was not consistent and, in admittedly difficult times, far from successful. Too many blind spots appeared in Mr. Bevin's vision. During the period of his office, the prestige of this country declined grievously. Although we had already lost the place among the great Powers of the world which we formerly possessed, our prestige in 1945 was as great as it had ever been in Europe, so that popular opinion attributed to us an even greater share in the victory just won than we had in fact taken. Since then we have thrown away chance on chance. Mr. Bevin cannot be held wholly responsible for the chilly and selfish reception of schemes for co-operation on the ground that their framers were not all of the same political colour as our Government, but his tenure of the Foreign Office must in part be judged by these grave failings.

Yet Mr. Bevin possessed a bluff sturdiness which was as refreshing as it was effective. Having decided that aggressive Russian Communism was wicked and infinitely dangerous, he opposed it with unswerving zeal and determination, if without much imagination. And time after time, when doubt and wavering, even symptoms of revolt, appeared in the ranks, his rough eloquence, full of clichés and sentences that had neither beginning, middle, nor end, but coming from the heart, breathing and creating conviction, stilled the murmurs and rebuilt the confidence not only of party but of nation. These were notable achievements of which no other member of the Government was capable. These were the moments when he became nearest to being a great Foreign Secretary. None can say how he would have dealt with the Persian oil crisis. He might have failed. Yet one cannot suppose that he would have made the fatal error of bluffing from weakness against an Asiatic. And while Britain might have suffered cruel loss, she would probably have escaped the shame of the unparalleled affronts at the hands of a wily mountebank to which she has been subjected.

There is good reason to believe that the first errors in this field go back to a period when Mr. Bevin was still at his post and were due to failure on the part of the Treasury to realise the force of a Persian case which had a good deal to be said for it—though, even if this be so, a Foreign Office which cannot secure financial support for a prudent policy must be adjudged to have failed in its task. However, the actual handling of the crisis after it had burst, puts any earlier mistakes into the shade. Here the faults were not all pure weakness of will. Undue haste or petulance had a share in them. A moment occurred in the negotiations when more patience might just possibly have been profitable. Worst of all is the humiliating but inescapable fact that we pledged ourselves to do something, to stay in Abadan, and failed to do it. We implied that we would stay at any cost, and, even as the words were spoken, the quick minds of our opponents realised how unlikely it was that we would fulfil our promise. Their bluff countered ours, and called it. They were taking bigger risks than we. Despite the ludicrous tears and bedside diplomacy, they were the stouter. They triumphed. And what a triumph! One of the greatest modern works of British hands was torn from them.

It will be said that we laboured under heavy difficulties. That nobody will deny. No great venture in international affairs, the maintenance of no ideal, can hope to avoid them to-day. It may be, as some of the wisest elements in the American Press are now suggesting, that, despite the hard work of Mr. Harriman, the support we received from the United States was far from warm and even overlaid with virtual interdictions. It is true that since the growth of air power modified the confidence we could place in command of the sea, we have to take more account of reactions to disputes such as this than we used to. When nineteenth-century British Governments took daring steps in face of affronts to British prestige and infringement of British interests, they knew that, at the worst, the Royal Navy would keep Britain safe and the seas open. When war is in the offing we have to play our cards more carefully than was the wont of Palmerston. In this case, however, we have, by losing our credit as well as our millions, done enormous damage to our power to maintain peace. All over the world we are held to be weaker, of less account, than we were rated before our collapse at Abadan.

The first effect of our shame and disaster came immediately. No sane man can believe that the Egyptian Government would have done what it did, and at that moment, but for the encouragement it received from our record at Abadan. I am writing at a moment when no hostile action on the part of Egypt has occurred, but it must be recognised that

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### THE IGNOMINY OF ABADAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the steps taken by the Egyptian Government constitute little less than a declaration of war. All rights and privileges are to be withdrawn from our forces in the Canal Zone. It has already been announced that any Egyptian who serves them in any way will be proceeded against and will actually lose his

nationality. And so, while Egypt is powerless to attack them openly, they have been placed in grave danger. It might even be necessary to supply them, at least temporarily, from the air. As I write, proposals for the joint defence of the Middle East have been presented to Egypt by the British, American, French and Turkish Ambassadors. Some people seem to think that Nahas Pasha, having scored a triumph by bringing forward his decrees before the presentation of these notes—which he knew were to come within a few days—might become more accommodating and actually enter a defence pact. I should doubt whether he will be prepared to do so on acceptable terms.

Then there is the case of the Sudan, which the Egyptian Government intends to unite to Egypt, though with its own constitution. We are perfectly capable of defending the Sudan against any outside force. What is not so generally recognised is the strength of the inside force with which we have to contend and which has been strengthened by the action of Nahas Pasha. The two principal political parties in the Sudan may be described as, in the first case, pro-Egyptian—that is, in favour of union with Egypt—and nationalist—that is, in favour of an independent Sudan. The former complain that the British Government and the administration have used the latter as their tools, but in fact the nationalists are very far from seeing eye to eye with us. Our declared purpose is to let the Sudan work out its own future as soon as it is ripe for self-government, without allowing it to be pledged in advance to Egypt. Sudanese nationalists claim that the country is already ripe for self-government and demand that this should be accorded forthwith. Now the unionists have received every possible encouragement, while the nationalists must be wondering whether we are either strong enough to protect them against Egypt or fit to decide their destinies.

If the effects of Abadan were confined to Persia, Egypt and the Sudan, they would be bad enough. They extend far more widely. One of the friendliest of American newspapers has been recently taking its Government to task with reference to the events at Abadan and elsewhere. It concludes not only that it should have been more helpful, but that in future it will have to take a stronger line and act in cases where Britain used formerly to act. The reason given is that Britain is no longer capable of acting. It may be that she is paralysed under the present administration of the Foreign Office, but it is completely untrue that she has lost the power to act. People of many shades of opinion, including those most eager for the maintenance of Anglo-American co-operation, sometimes say wistfully that they wish the United States was not always so obviously ubiquitous. That nation, however, has no inborn taste for interference in the affairs of others, which is against her tradition. She is led to interfere where she encounters weakness, irresolution and panic. If we feel

that we should get on better without such constant sisterly supervision, the best remedy will be to have a policy of our own and stick to it.

To those who have reached my years, the reactions of the public to such abasement as we have of late undergone are hard to assess. In my younger days I am sure that crowds would have assembled almost spontaneously to protest against the treatment meted out to us and to demand restoration of our rights. I am not prepared to say, however, whether the fact that this is not the case to-day is due to indifference or to a change in public manners and customs. It may be that the country as a whole has felt the smart, even though it has not protested in the old style. I do not for a moment advocate what used to be called "sabre-rattling"—and no better word has been found for an age in which there exist no more sabres to rattle—but I am sure, on the other hand, that it is an unhealthy sign for a nation, still claiming to be a great nation, to allow itself to be trampled on without resentment. We have assumed wide obligations in the world, obligations which comprise more than the defence of our own Kingdom and Commonwealth, commitments to allies and friends, membership of a great pact for the upholding of peace and liberty. These responsibilities do not call for a truculent bearing, but they do demand that we should comport ourselves with dignity and an honourable degree of pride. If we fail to do so we cannot fulfil the rôle which we have accepted.

Much of the damage done is irreparable, and it seems certain that more will follow in its wake. Yet some can be repaired and some avoided by a firm determination not to allow such disgrace to recur. Even those most closely concerned in the flight from Abadan must realise on reflection that the business was mishandled from first to last. If that policy is to continue, then the historian of the future will see in the very word "Abadan" a signpost to national decay. If there is an abrupt change, he may, and pray heaven he will, see in it the significance of a terrible lesson learnt, a terrible warning heeded. Disasters of infinitely greater material weight have befallen this country in recent times, but few that are morally so disturbing. We must shake off that reproach or else resign ourselves to deeper abasement.



A MAP SHOWING THE BRITISH MILITARY OCCUPATION OF THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE UNDER THE TERMS OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TREATY OF 1936. TROOPS OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE, WHICH NUMBERS 3500 MEN, HAVE BEEN FLOWN FROM CYPRUS TO FAYID TO REINFORCE THE GARRISON.

Map reproduced by courtesy of "The Daily Telegraph."



REJECTING THE REVISED BRITISH PROPOSALS FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF THE ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL DISPUTE: DR. MOUSSADEK, THE PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER, ADDRESSING THE SECURITY COUNCIL OF THE UNITED NATIONS ON OCTOBER 16.

In his article on this page Captain Falls discusses "the ignominy of Abadan" and says of it: "Disasters of infinitely greater material weight have befallen this country in recent times, but few that are morally so disturbing." Dr. Moussadek, the Persian Prime Minister, at last appeared at the Security Council on October 15, when Sir Gladwyn Jebb presented the revised British proposals which, briefly, suggested that the differences should be resolved in accordance with the principles of the measures indicated by The Hague Court. Dr. Moussadek replied with a long statement, of which he read only the opening sentences on account of "failing health," in which he rejected both the British proposals and the Security Council's competence. On October 16 his refusal was repeated in more disdainful terms; and on October 17 he rejected the proposal even as modified by the recommendations of India and Yugoslavia. The Security Council vote on the issue was postponed to October 19.

BRITISH RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE NEAR EAST: THE SUDAN AND SUEZ CANAL.



THE UNILATERAL ABROGATION OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TREATY: A MAP SHOWING THE SUDAN, NOW CLAIMED BY EGYPT, AND THE SUEZ CANAL—A VITAL LINK IN COMMONWEALTH COMMUNICATIONS.

The Anglo-Egyptian Condominium of the Sudan was set up in January, 1899, following the overthrow of the Khalifa at the Battle of Omdurman in 1898, which terminated the tyrannical rule established by his predecessor, the Mahdi, some thirteen years previously. The convention provided for the administration of the country by a Governor-General appointed by Egypt with the assent of Britain, and its terms were reaffirmed in the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936, which Nahas Pasha announced on October 8 was to be unilaterally abrogated by Egypt. In December, 1948, a Legislative Assembly was established, and the first elections took place in November of that year, when the Independence Front secured a large majority. The National Front, which favours union with Egypt, boycotted

the elections. It was announced on October 18 that the Legislative Assembly would re-convene on October 25 instead of November 5. The Suez Canal Company operates by a concession which expires in November, 1968, when, by an agreement between the Egyptian Government and the Company signed in 1949, the whole property reverts to Egypt. The canal is owned by a French corporation, and the British Government hold over a third of the shares. France, Britain, Egypt, the U.S.A. and the Netherlands are represented on the board. By the Treaty of 1936, which was to continue for twenty years, British interest in the defence of the Suez Canal Zone was recognised and the United Kingdom was authorised to station 400 pilots, ancillary personnel and 10,000 troops in the zone.



THROUGH THE MOURNING CITY OF KARACHI, THE COFFIN OF THE MURDERED LIAQUAT ALI KHAN, PAKISTAN'S FIRST PREMIER, PASSES ON A GUN-CARRIAGE TO HIS BURIAL NEAR THE GRAVE OF THE FOUNDER OF PAKISTAN, MR. JINNAH, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE BIGGEST CROWD EVER SEEN IN THE CAPITAL.



THE BEGUM ALI KHAN, THE MURDERED PAKISTAN PREMIER'S WIDOW, AND HER TWO SONS MOURNING AT THE GRAVESIDE AT THE FUNERAL OF LIAQUAT ALI KHAN IN KARACHI. HE HAD BEEN ASSASSINATED THE PREVIOUS DAY IN RAWALPINDI.

#### THE FUNERAL OF LIAQUAT ALI KHAN : SCENES IN KARACHI, THE PAKISTAN CAPITAL AND A CITY OF MOURNING.

After his murder by an assassin at Rawalpindi (reported on the opposite page), the body of Pakistan's first Premier was brought by air to Karachi early on the morning of October 17. The body was taken to his house, where his widow, the Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, and her two sons were waiting. All shops were shut in the mourning city and all transport idle, but nearly half-a-million people gathered in the neighbourhood of the house. The coffin was taken through the streets of the city on a gun-carriage and the crowd that

gathered for the funeral was said to be the largest ever seen in the capital. The Premier's widow and his mother (who flew from Lahore) attended the funeral, and H.M. the King was represented by Khwaja Nazimuddin, the Governor General, who has now resigned that appointment to become Prime Minister. A salute of thirty-one guns marked the end of the ceremony. It has been stated that the assassin, one Said Akbar, was an Afghan, and was in possession of sums of money so large as to suggest that he was a hired assassin.



ASSASSINATED WHILE ADDRESSING A PUBLIC MEETING AT RAWALPINDI ON OCTOBER 16 : MR. LIAQUAT ALI KHAN, FIRST PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN, WHOSE DEATH IS A GREAT LOSS TO HIS COUNTRY AND THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH.

Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, the first Prime Minister of Pakistan, died at Rawalpindi on October 16, shortly after being shot while addressing a public meeting convened by the Rawalpindi Muslim League. Two revolver shots were fired at him from close range and he collapsed. He was immediately taken to a military hospital, where a blood transfusion was given, but he succumbed to his injuries without regaining consciousness. When the Prime Minister collapsed on the dais his assailant was seized by the infuriated crowd and beaten to death. It was stated that the assailant was Syed Akbar, an Afghan, who was "in all probability"

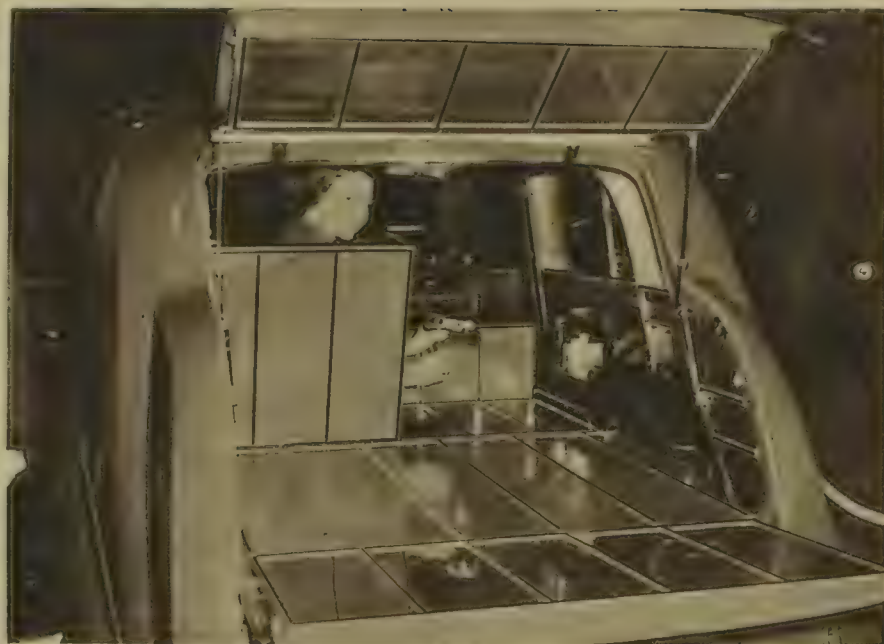
a hired assassin. Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, undisputed leader of Pakistan after the death of its founder, Mohamad Ali Jinnah, in September, 1948, was born in 1895 and came to this country in 1918 and joined Exeter College, Oxford. After graduation he was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1921. In 1926 he was elected to the United Provinces Legislative Council, on which he remained for fourteen years, acting as deputy president and leader of the Democratic Party. He became Prime Minister of Pakistan when it became a separate Dominion in 1947. The funeral of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan took place in Karachi on October 17.

*Exclusive Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.*

# AROUND THE MOTOR SHOW AT EARLS COURT: EXTERIORS, INTERIORS AND DEVICES.



MAKING THE ENGINE EASILY ACCESSIBLE: THE SINGLE-PIECE BONNET OF THE NEW VAUXHALL VELOX, WHICH IS MOUNTED ON COMBINED HINGES AND HAS LOCK BRACKETS AT EACH SIDE. THE BONNET MAY BE OPENED ON EITHER SIDE OR, BY RELEASING THE CATCHES AT BOTH SIDES, REMOVED COMPLETELY.



(ABOVE.) THE ROOMIEST LUGGAGE BOOT EVER PROVIDED ON A COACH-BUILT BODY: A FEATURE OF THE BENTLEY MARK VI. THE BOOT HAS ABOUT FIVE TIMES THE CAPACITY OF A NORMAL BOOT ON THIS TYPE OF SALOON.



THE LUXURIOUS INTERIOR OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE CAR IN THE SHOW: THE 36-H.P. STRAIGHT EIGHT DAIMLER TOURING LIMOUSINE, WITH HOOPER COACHWORK, BUILT FOR SIR BERNARD AND LADY DOCKER.

(RIGHT.) A NEW CAR GADGET WHICH HELPS TO REDUCE WIND RESISTANCE: "THE SWINGING SPAT," A COWLING COMPLETELY COVERING THE REAR WHEEL, WHICH SWINGS OUT AND BACK.



PLATED WITH 18-CARAT GOLD: THE LUXURIOUS 36-H.P. STRAIGHT EIGHT DAIMLER TOURING LIMOUSINE, BUILT BY HOOPER, WHICH IS ON VIEW AT EARLS COURT. AMONG ITS MANY FITTINGS ARE A COCKTAIL CABINET AND SPECIAL ACCOMMODATION FOR PICNIC EQUIPMENT.



JUST A SHINING BLACK "NORMAL" HILLMAN MINX: THE X-RAY CAR WITH ONLY THE EXTERIOR STRUCTURE SHOWING BEFORE THE DRAMATIC CHANGE (SEE RIGHT).



TRANSFORMED: THE X-RAY HILLMAN MINX WITH ITS INTERNAL STRUCTURE REVEALED SHOWING THE FULLEST DETAILS OF THE CAR'S MECHANISM IN ACTION.

When Mr. Strauss, the Minister of Supply, opened the 36th International Motor Show at Earls Court on October 17, he said that the motor industry, with 10 per cent. of all visible exports, was our largest single exporter, the world's second largest producer of cars and the largest exporter of them. He said that a feeling of confidence in the motor industry's prospects, even though the raw material situation cast a shadow over it at present, was entirely justified. About 20,000 overseas buyers are expected at the Motor Show, which ends on October 27.

Although no British exhibitor can quote a delivery date for home sales earlier than 1953, and the great majority can promise nothing for five years or more, these considerations have not deterred tens of thousands from visiting Earls Court on each day of the Show. One Daimler on the Hooper Stand, probably the most luxurious ever seen at Earls Court, is a touring limousine built to the order of Sir Bernard Docker for Lady Docker. The instructions were that the car was to represent the best in British craftsmanship regardless of price.

## CENTRE OF ATTRACTION AT THE MOTOR SHOW: THE NEW AUSTIN "SEVEN."



TRAVELLING SIDE BY SIDE: THE "BABY" OF 1951 AND AN ORIGINAL AUSTIN SEVEN OF 1922. THE PRICE OF THE 1922 MODEL WAS FIRST £225 AND, LATER, £165.



THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW AUSTIN SEVEN. GOOD PLANNING HAS RESULTED IN ACCOMMODATION FOR FOUR WITHOUT CRAMPING, AND SIMPLICITY WITHOUT AUSTERITY.



INSIDE THE NEW "BABY" AUSTIN. THERE IS A FOUR-SPEED GEARBOX WITH SYNCHROMESH; THE VISIBILITY IS EXTREMELY GOOD, BOTH FRONT WINGS BEING VISIBLE.



OFF THE SECRET LIST AND A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION AT EARLS COURT: THE NEW AUSTIN SEVEN. ITS PRICE IS £325, PLUS £182 PURCHASE TAX, MAKING A TOTAL OF £507.



UNDER THE NEW "BABY'S" BONNET: THE POWER-UNIT OF THE NEW AUSTIN SEVEN, WHICH IS BASICALLY A SCALED-DOWN VERSION OF THE A.70 ENGINE.



ITS SECRETS REVEALED: THE 800-C.C. ENGINE (8.3 H.P.) OF THE AUSTIN SEVEN FOUR-SEATER SALOON, WHICH SHOULD AVERAGE 50 M.P.G. ITS CRUISING SPEED, THOUGH IT USES LESS PETROL, IS COMPARABLE TO THE A.40S, AND ITS MAXIMUM SPEED SHOULD BE NEARER 70 THAN 60 M.P.H.

The long-awaited Austin *Seven*, on view to the public for the first time at Earls Court, has been one of the chief attractions of the 1951 Motor Show. It continues a line of very famous small cars which was started in 1922. The new Austin is a four-seater light saloon in one-piece steel construction. It has a fixed head, but the front wings are detachable, to save big repair bills. The car has four doors and there are bucket seats in the front. The rear luggage-boot has a

spring-loaded lid and carries the spare wheel in an upright position. The four-cylinder engine (8.3 h.p.) has overhead valves and a 12-volt ignition system. It should be capable of about 50 m.p.g. and its maximum speed should be nearer 70 than 60 m.p.h. The front is independently sprung with coil springs, and there are semi-elliptic springs at the rear. Brakes are hydraulic; and there is a 5½-gallon fuel tank.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EARLY BLUE-AND-WHITE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

"PLEASE write down all we need know about the marks on Chinese porcelain" is the gist of some recent letters. To do that adequately would require several pages of this size and a truly formidable erudition which I have not yet acquired. The result would, I trust, be accurate and edifying; it would also be very nearly unreadable as a connected narrative for popular consumption. A learned reference book is one thing. A series of talks about various aspects of art is something quite different. Join with me then, not in the production of a factual encyclopædia, but in the pursuit of one or two pointers which may lead us, in our own time, as it were, to more serious and more detailed studies.

I suggest that the best way to begin without undue strain upon the nervous system—for Chinese characters can be alarming to the uninitiated—is to look at Fig. 2 here, which is the Reign Name of the Ming Emperor Hsüan Tê (1426-1435). This Reign Name or Nien-Hao



FIG. 1. NOTABLE FOR ITS FINE VIGOROUS DRAWING: A MING BLUE-AND-WHITE BOWL WITH A DESIGN OF CLOUD BANDS AND DRAGONS.

"Here," writes Frank Davis, "is a bowl which I find magnificent. It is blue-and-white, as are the other illustrations on this page." The fine, vigorous drawing, its breadth and sweep, are typical of early blue-and-white.

These inscriptions are either in ordinary script as here, or in seal characters (archaic script), and nearly always painted in blue under the glaze. On older pieces the mark is sometimes found on the side or neck in a single vertical or horizontal line. On fairly recent wares it is found in red, black or gold on the glaze. Taken by and large this Ming specimen, within a double circle, is typical. All this is really too easy—and would be easier still if it was invariably possible to accept any mark at its face value. This is where the amateur can get himself involved in the most entertaining tangles if he enjoys that kind of puzzle, for the accurate dating of much of the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century porcelain can lead to fierce controversies—even to severed friendships.

The Chinese were so obstinately convinced of the virtue of their ancestors that it was, as often as not, accounted meritorious in, say, the seventeenth century to imitate the work of the fifteenth and, in manufacturing these imitations, to reproduce the Nien-Hao as well. This was not necessarily intended to deceive, but rather to pay a pretty compliment to the distinguished past. Indeed, there are many pieces in existence—particularly of the eighteenth century—which bear, in addition, some laudatory inscription praising the skill of the potter in so exactly re-creating the triumphs of an earlier age. Add to this innocent deception the wiles of deliberate forgers, and it will be clear that the evidence of marks needs very careful scrutiny and must be substantiated by other considerations, chief among which are a knowledge of styles and an eye for colour and texture and quality—and this sort of critical judgment is not to be acquired by reading a book or two, but by a close study of actual specimens. Faced then by a bowl such as Fig. 1 here (Fig. 2 is the Nien-Hao painted on its base), you will—having a properly sceptical mind and having very likely bought your experience—ask yourself the following questions:

- (1) Was this made in the reign of Hsüan-Tê?
- (2) Is it a later Ming piece imitating a Hsüan-Tê piece? (The Ming dynasty lasted from A.D. 1368 to 1644.)
- (3) Is it a seventeenth- or eighteenth-century innocent imitation?
- (4) Is it an early or modern forgery?

All this can be good, clean fun; the dangers are, of course, fairly obvious. You may become dogmatic and quarrelsome and a crashing bore, and you may lapse entirely into the barbaric heresy that what matters is chronology and not beauty. And what is beauty? Don't ask that, or we shall find ourselves involved in the most elaborate and probably incomprehensible bickerings. Let it suffice that beauty is one thing to Sir Alfred Munnings, another to Picasso, and I dare say something else to you and me. Anyway, here is a bowl which I find magnificent. It is blue-and-white, as are the other illustrations on this page, but

it is not the blue-and-white which was all the fashion in the days of Whistler; that was of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, pleasant enough but rather banal and ordinary by comparison, lacking the fine, vigorous drawing of these early pieces, its breadth and sweep.

I think these three illustrations provide a very fair indication not only of the splendid forms of these fifteenth- and sixteenth-century wares, but of the quality of their decoration. Colour, of course, is another matter, which can only be appreciated when the object itself is before you. But even colour is not necessarily a criterion as to date, however tempting it may be to assign an early date to a piece which is not quite perfect in this respect—it might well be a faulty example from a later period, or an exact copy

of some imperfect original. The use of blue (cobalt blue) for painting on ceramics is thought to have reached China from Western Asia before the Ming period, and two vases are known which bear a date corresponding to 1352—Chaucer in that year was twelve years old—and he will be a fortunate man who finds two others. To sum up—you look at the form of the piece, the quality of its glaze, its colour, its drawing, its reign mark if any. You are sceptical about the latter but don't by any means disregard it. You compare the piece with other pieces which others (who were as much



FIG. 2. MEANING "MADE IN THE HSÜAN-TÊ PERIOD OF THE GREAT MING DYNASTY": THE SIX-CHARACTER DATE MARK (NIEN-HAO), PAINTED ON THE BASE OF THE MAGNIFICENT BOWL ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 1.

This article explains the most common method by which Chinese porcelain was dated. This Six-Character inscription, the Reign Name of the Emperor Hsüan-Tê (A.D. 1426-1435) is read from the top of the right-hand column, then down, and then up to the top of the left-hand column.



FIG. 3. BEARING THE DESIGN OF A SAGE AND TWO ATTENDANTS UNDER A PINE-TREE WITH MOUNTAINS SHOWING ABOVE THE CLOUDS: A MING BLUE-AND-WHITE BALUSTER VASE.

This vase has been chosen to illustrate not only the splendid forms of Ming blue-and-white wares, but also the quality of their decoration.

is the most common method by which Chinese porcelain was dated. There are, as a rule, six characters in two columns, as here. Start at the top of the right-hand column, go down, and then move to the top of the left-hand column. The name of the dynasty comes first (Nos. 1 and 2), then the Reign Name of the Emperor (Nos. 3 and 4), which he would have adopted on the New Year following the death of his predecessor. The two last characters (Nos. 5 and 6) are Nien (period) and Chih (made), so that the reading of the whole is



FIG. 4. BEARING THE MARK OF CHIA-CHING (A.D. 1522-1566): A MING BLUE-AND-WHITE DOUBLE GOURD VASE DECORATED WITH CLOUDS AND SYMBOLS.

The Ming Dynasty lasted from A.D. 1368 until 1644, and the use of cobalt blue for painting on ceramics is thought to have reached China from Western Asia before this period began. Two vases bearing a date corresponding to 1352 are known.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Solheby's.

in the dark as anyone else about these high matters and now, after many years of experience, really do know a lot) agree are of such-and-such a period. After all that you can begin to learn about other more abstruse things—such as Cyclical Dates, Commendation Marks (words of good omen, and so forth), and the various Symbols, such as Emblems of Long Life and Happiness, which were the very bone and marrow of social intercourse.

## THE EARLY STYLE OF PABLO PICASSO: AN INTERESTING COMPARISON WITH HIS LATER WORK.



"STUDY," 1893-1894. PICASSO, BORN IN 1881, WAS, AT THE AGE OF TWELVE, A TALENTED STUDENT OF THE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS IN CORUNNA. CONTÉ PENCIL. (Lent by the Artist.)

PABLO PICASSO, one of the most controversial figures in the world of modern art, was born in 1881, and his seventieth birthday is honoured in London by an exhibition, "Homage to Picasso," at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dover Street. Those familiar only with Picasso in his "Negro," Cubist or Abstract manners, who find the deliberate distortions in many of his works to be difficult, terrifying or infuriating, may be surprised by the classic conventionality of a number of the drawings on

[Continued below.]



"GOING TO SCHOOL," 1895. A DRAWING MADE BY PICASSO AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN, ON VIEW AT THE CURRENT EXHIBITION. PEN AND INK. (Lent by the Artist.)



"TOREADOR" (BARCELONA), 1897, MADE AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN, ON VIEW AT THE "HOMAGE TO PICASSO" EXHIBITION IN HONOUR OF HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY. PEN AND INK. (Lent by the Artist.)



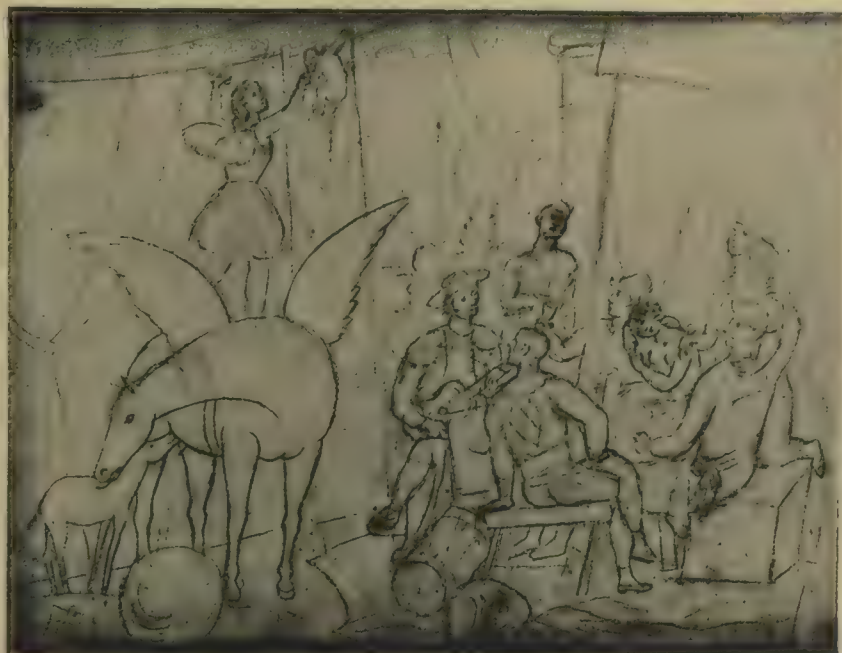
"PORTRAIT OF JAIME SABARTÈS" (BARCELONA), 1899; BY PICASSO, AGED EIGHTEEN. ON VIEW AT THE INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS. CHARCOAL AND WATER-COLOUR. (Lent by the Artist.)



"THE STOVE," 1903 (BARCELONA), A VIGOROUS SKETCH MADE BY PABLO PICASSO WHEN TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF AGE. INK WASH. (Lent by the Artist.)



(LEFT.) "THE ACROBAT," 1905. A SHEET OF DRAWINGS MADE BY PABLO PICASSO AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR. INK. Lent by M. Tristan Tzara.



"STUDY FOR THE CURTAIN FOR PARADE" (MONTROUGE), 1917. A DRAWING BY PICASSO WHEN THIRTY-SIX. LEAD PENCIL. (Lent by the Artist.)

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



TODAY, in mid-October, I have made three harvestings. I gathered, alas, the last cobs of sweet corn, and I picked our whole crop of peaches and our whole crop of walnuts. The corn cobs, as cobs, were not very good. Many of them, as so often happens at the end of the season, were only partially studded with grain, owing to wet, sunless weather and imperfect fertilisation. But as a dish they were as good as the best. From now until well into next summer there can be no more corn on the cob. The nearest substitute will be sweet corn from the tin, and the difference between these two is as great as the difference between direct music and music off a disc and by wireless. A substitute, in both cases, that I would be sorry to be without, however.

Our whole crop of peaches amounted to exactly two dozen, and they came as a great surprise. They sat all summer on three half-standard trees of the beautiful, double-flowered peach "Clara Meyer," and in view of the cool, rather sunless summer we have had, I never expected them to become anywhere near ripe. A day or two ago, however, I noticed that two or three peaches had fallen, and found that they were fully ripe, juicy and well flavoured. Their complexions, green without a tinge of make-up, had deceived me. The crop of walnuts is even smaller than the crop of peaches. Exactly twelve. But I am not blaming the tree, for it was only planted three years ago. It is one of the named French varieties, "Mayette," and is grafted. I paid two guineas for it and do not regret the outlay—though I did at the time. The ordinary run of walnut-trees one buys in England are not grafted named varieties, but seedlings, raised by planting walnuts. They usually take many years to come into bearing, and then, when they do carry a crop, it is a gamble what the quality and size of the nuts will be. They may be large or small, thin-shelled or practically unbreakable, full of meat or merely full of promise. The advantage of a grafted specimen of a named variety is that it comes into bearing almost from the start, and you are sure of nuts of good size and quality. This young tree of mine is about 7 ft. high, with a clear 3-ft. trunk and a well-furnished head 6 ft. through. Last summer its crop amounted to five nuts, and this year, as I say, a dozen. But what astonishes me is that, as far as I can tell, the fruiting has been entirely parthenogenetical. I examined the tree in spring, and there were the curious, urn-shaped female, or fruiting, flowers, but there was not a single catkin of male, pollen-bearing flowers to fertilise them, and the

### THIS AND THAT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

I planted last autumn was a young 4-ft. specimen of the large-fruited Spanish or sweet-chestnut "Maron de Lyon." This summer it produced a crop of long, fragrant catkins, but nothing else. I hope, however, that it will fruit as precociously as my "Mayette"



"WITHOUT DOUBT, *MILLA BIFLORA* IS AN EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL FLOWER, AND QUITE UNLIKE ANY OTHER FLOWER THAT I HAVE EVER MET. . . . THE FULLY-OPENED FLOWERS WERE FLAT, SIX-LOBED STARS, ABOUT 2 INS. ACROSS, PURE DEAD-WHITE, AND INTENSELY FRAGRANT, ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT." A REPRODUCTION FROM THE PLATE OF *MILLA BIFLORA* IN THE BOTANICAL REGISTER, OF 1833.

walnut. It would be pleasant to pick up one's own sweet-chestnuts, big ones, like the imported chestnuts one buys in the shops, instead of the small, flat-chested specimens that most trees in England produce—sweet though they are.

Although sweet-chestnuts are plentiful enough in the shops each winter, it is surprising how seldom one gets them properly roasted in private life. Too often folk are content to stab them with a knife to prevent their bursting, and then put them down by an open fire, where they become charred black on one side and remain half-raw on the other. A good way is to make three slits through their jackets from near the base to the apex, using a sharp pen-knife. Then boil them. This ensures that they are thoroughly cooked right through. Lastly, they should be roasted or scorched in some way to give the authentic and delicious "roast chestnut" flavour and scent. Like toast, they should be scorched but not burnt. A good way to add this subtle finishing touch after boiling is to put them, dry, in a frying-pan, and joggle them over an open fire or a stove as though you were making pop-corn. The advantage of the three preliminary slits is that it enables one to extract the cooked nut whole.

This summer I have grown and flowered a plant which I have long wanted to grow, but which had always remained a rather vague and elusive name. This plant is *Milla biflora*. I had read of, or been told of, a rare and very lovely bulbous plant called *Milla*, and once I bought bulbs of what I was led to suppose was this treasure. Nothing happened. They just didn't come up. A certain amount of confusion was caused by the pretty little spring-flowering bulb with white, or palest blue, flowers which is often called *Milla*, or *Triteleia*, but whose correct name is *Ipheion uniflorum*. But last autumn I came upon the name *Milla biflora* in a catalogue, with a breath-taking description, and felt that this must surely be the thing which had haunted and eluded me for so long. I ordered a dozen, and then, later, Mr. Hoogh, of the firm of Van

Tubergen, sent me as a gift more bulbs of *Milla biflora*. I planted three batches in late spring, one in a rocky bed on the staging in my cold greenhouse; another in a warm, well-drained bed outside the greenhouse; and a third in a pot. They came up well, started flowering in late summer, and a few are still in flower. First came a few long, rather sprawling, rush-like leaves. Later, flower-stems ran up to a height of a foot or so, each carrying three or four flowers in a curiously irregular umbel. First one bud would run up above its fellows on a pedicle 4 or 5 ins. long. Later, the others would follow. The unopened buds were most striking and curious. They were long and pointed, rather like the buds of *Tulipa clusiana*, but markedly square-shouldered at the base, and then tapering away below into the stem. They were striped, green and white. The fully-opened flowers were flat, six-lobed stars, about 2 ins. across, pure dead-white, and intensely fragrant, especially at night. Without doubt, *Milla biflora* is an extremely beautiful flower, and quite unlike any other flower that I have ever met. As to its hardiness I can not say. Coming from Mexico it may, like its compatriots the Tigridias and the Dahlias, be hardy only in mild and favoured districts. I shall know better next year, for those planted in the open are to remain undisturbed as a test, and so, too, will the bulbs in the greenhouse bed. Those in a pot I shall bring into the house for safety.

When buying my *Milla* bulbs I ordered, too, a small collection of Tigridias, three each of seven or eight distinct species and varieties, and planted them mixed in a sunny border, where they have flowered superbly. I could have bought them as "mixed varieties," but I wanted to make sure of having all the variants there are, and my experience is that "mixed varieties" are usually mixed all right, but do not include all the available ingredients. Tigridias should be more grown than they are, for the bulbs are not expensive. They are as easy to grow as gladioli, and their great, iris-like blossoms of satin texture are of an almost unbelievable splendour: three huge rounded petals lying out flat in the sun, gold, pale-yellow, soft red, vermillion, orange-gold or white, some of the flowers self-coloured, but mostly they are heavily spotted in the centre with some richly contrasting colour. These astonishing flowers, like the Morning Glories, only last for a day, and then crumple and fade. But they are followed by an almost endless succession of others over a long, late



A TIGRIDIA, GROWING IN OPEN GROUND AND DISPLAYING ITS GREAT IRIS-LIKE BLOSSOMS "OF AN ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE SPLENDOUR." [Photograph by D. F. Merrell.]

nearest other walnut-tree was nearly half-a-mile away. Apparently grafting a walnut-tree is rather a tricky, specialised operation. Hence, no doubt, the price. But surely it is money well spent when it gives a crop—if only a dozen—in the third year, and a tree of sturdy, promising growth. Another nut-tree which



TIGRIDIA FLOWERS, "OF SATIN TEXTURE . . . GOLD, PALE-YELLOW, SOFT RED, VERMILION, ORANGE-GOLD OR WHITE, SOME OF THE FLOWERS SELF-COLOURED, BUT MOSTLY . . . HEAVILY SPOTTED IN THE CENTRE WITH SOME RICHLY CONTRASTING COLOUR." [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]

summer season. In any but the milder districts it is best to lift the bulbs in autumn, and store them indoors for the winter and plant out next spring, as one would lift and store gladioli.



THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER AS AN AMATEUR ARTIST: MAGNOLIA—CIRCA 1930, BY WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, HON. R.A., EXHIBITED IN THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. Churchill, one of the greatest figures our country has ever produced, is not only an outstanding statesman, leader, orator and historian, he is an excellent artist, and his many honours include that of Hon. Royal Academician Extraordinary. This flower painting, executed over twenty years ago, was one of the works he exhibited

in this year's Royal Academy. Painting is Mr. Churchill's chief hobby and he devotes as much time as he can spare to its pursuit and has described how he came to take it up in "Painting as a Pastime," published in 1948. He is a particularly good landscape artist, but also paints flower-pieces and interiors.

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TWO VALENCIAN GIRLS: THE CHARMING PASTEL SHADES OF THEIR TRADITIONAL DRESS ENHANCE THEIR BEAUTY, GAIETY AND GRACE.



WORN BY WOMEN OF THE SIERRA NEVADA, NEAR GRANADA: A COSTUME WHICH DIFFERS FROM THE USUAL ANDALUSIAN DRESS IN ANY OF ITS VARIATIONS.



REMINISCENT OF FIGURES FROM A GOYA PAINTING: GIRLS DANCING IN A PARK IN MADRID, A SCENE FREQUENTLY WITNESSED ON THE EVE OF ST. ANTHONY'S DAY.



TYPICAL OF THE TRADITIONAL COSTUME OF WOMEN OF AVILA: A GOLD-YELLOW EMBROIDERED SKIRT AND VIVID RED SILK SHAWL.



FROM MALLORCA (MAJORCA), THE LARGEST OF THE BALEARIC ISLANDS: A DRESS WHOSE SIMPLICITY IS EXCEPTIONALLY BECOMING TO THE WEARER.



FROM MURCIA, A TOWN OF SOUTHERN SPAIN DESCRIBED AS "A CITY OF SILK AND RED PEPPER": A GIRL WITH TWO FRESH CARNATIONS IN HER HAIR.



ELABORATE AND LOVELY PEASANT DRESSES FROM NEAR SALAMANCA AND ZAMORA: THESE ARE WORN DURING THE CHIEF FIESTAS OF THE YEAR.



THE TRADITIONAL COSTUME OF GRANADA, A REGION FAMED FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL WOMEN: THE WEARER IS AN ART AND ARCHAEOLOGICAL STUDENT.

## WOMEN OF EUROPE'S MOST STRONGLY

## INDIVIDUAL COUNTRY, WHOSE WAY OF LIFE IS

Spain is one of the most richly rewarding of all European countries to visitors. Sacheverell Sitwell wrote in his book "Spain," published last year, that "it is a land which shines and beckons with so many fair prospects and rich prizes," and adds that "there can be no country in the world that is so soon itself once you have crossed

the border." It has the strongest personality and most powerful individual flavour of any land in Europe; its landscapes are varied and impressive, its architecture magnificent and its collections of works of art overwhelming, while its quota of sunshine is high. Spain guards her integrity and her traditions with fierce pride, and

## FULL OF COLOUR AND BEAUTY: SPANISH GIRLS IN

## THEIR LOVELY TRADITIONAL DRESSES.

thus the colour and the beauty of the land and of the Spanish way of life have not been tamed into drab modernity. The women, whose beauty, charm and gay wit have been famous for hundreds of years, have, it is true, developed new interests and ambitions, many becoming doctors or teachers, art students or historians, but they

are still proud to wear the becoming and beautiful costumes of their ancestors, and to master the complicated and graceful steps of their national dances. On these pages we give natural colour photographs of Spanish girls from different districts of Continental Spain and from Mallorca (Majorca), in the Balearic Islands.



A FINE MEMORIAL PAINTING OF A GREAT AND DECISIVE VICTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR.

"THE ROYAL ENGINEERS OPENING THE WAY THROUGH THE  
MINEFIELDS AT THE BATTLE OF EL ALAMEIN ON THE NIGHT  
OF 23 OCTOBER, 1942", BY TERENCE CUNEO.

A VITAL opening move of the decisive Battle of El Alamein was the breaching, under the fire of the enemy's guns, of the many belts of minefields which protected his positions. This was one of the tasks of the Royal Engineers, and on the success of their efforts depended the outcome of the battle. No assaulting armour or support weapons could advance unless gaps through the mines could be created in sufficient numbers and guaranteed to be safe. The original of this fine picture, which depicts a scene typical of a number of points on the front during the night of October 23, 1942, was painted in 1950 as the Memorial Picture for the Headquarters Mess of the Royal Engineers at Chatham. The dominant figure in the picture is that of the Sapper with the mine-detector. The artist has conveyed with remarkable skill the splendid isolation of this figure, the leading man of the breaching team, absorbed in his immediate task of listening for the tell-tale whine in his ear-phones which will denote the presence of a mine. On his concentration and steady nerves depends the success of an operation which will open the way for the launching of a great army into one of the most momentous battles in history. In the background may be seen the blazing hull of a derelict *Scorpion*, one of the early versions of the *Flail*, mounted on a *Matilda* tank and used principally for locating the near edge of the minefield. The white light along the skyline represents the flashes from our guns, firing a continuous barrage. The scene is further lit up by the flares put up by the enemy and by the red streaks of "tracer," fired by our own machine-guns in rear, helping to maintain the direction of the attack.

From the painting by Terence Cuneo.  
Reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Engineers Corps Committee.



NINE YEARS AFTER THE DECISIVE BATTLE OF EL ALAMEIN: THE GRAVE OF A BRITISH TANK CREW WHO DIED TOGETHER IN THE DESERT.



FACING TOWARDS NO-MAN'S LAND: THE TABLET WHICH MARKS THE POSITION OF THE FORWARD BRITISH MINEFIELD ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.



EL ALAMEIN AS IT IS TO-DAY: A VIEW SHOWING THE RAILWAY HALT, WITH TWO WATER-TOWERS AND SHEDS IN THE DISTANCE AND A BEDOUIN TENT IN THE FOREGROUND.



THE HARVEST OF EL ALAMEIN: A PILE OF LAND-MINES PLOUGHED UP BY AN ARAB CULTIVATING A SMALL AREA OF THE DESERT.



WHERE CHRISTIAN AND MUSLIM DEFENDERS OF EGYPT LIE TOGETHER IN THE DESERT: A SECTION OF AN ALLIED CEMETERY CONTAINING OVER 8500 GRAVES.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE THAT SAVED EGYPT IN 1942: EL ALAMEIN AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Nine years ago, on the night of October 23, in bright moonlight, over a thousand guns of the Eighth Army opened up on previously located German batteries, and the battle of El Alamein had entered its first phase. In the words of Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, in a personal message to his troops: "The battle which is now about to begin will be one of the decisive battles of history. It will be the turning-point of the war. . . ." To-day the visitor to El Alamein finds the road closed to him until he has given particulars of his identity to the Egyptian sentry, who warns him not to stray into the many dangerous areas

still thickly sown with mines, some of which are marked off by notice-boards or strands of barbed-wire. El Alamein is nothing but a handful of ramshackle Bedouin dwellings and a railway halt that have sprung up by a couple of water-holes in the desert. But all around are the rows of graves where lie the fallen of both sides in that tremendous conflict; and here and there are small sheds or shelters, containing maps and information for the guidance of those who may wish to find a particular grave. The cemeteries are, of course, in the care of the Imperial War Graves Commission.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### FALLOW DEER IN BRITAIN.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE fallow deer (*Dama dama*) is sufficiently familiar to us that it is readily accepted as part of the British fauna. No book on our native mammals fails to give it a mention, at least, and the animal itself is sufficiently at home with us to promote the idea that it is part and parcel of our countryside. The effect is heightened by the herds seen roaming freely in such places as the New Forest, although we more commonly meet them, under more or less restriction, in the parks. Fallow deer have been naturalised with us for a long time, but whether there is any claim

same ground, for instance, in Richmond Park and now in many of the woods of Southern England, but they keep separate and do not apparently ever interbreed, though they do interbreed at Whipsnade." Some of the confusion of thought shown here seems to arise from that author's acceptance of some at least of the fallow deer found in the forests of Southern England as truly wild, and, presumably, his endeavour to maintain a distinction between wild and feral. In

view of the deer's known history this last is difficult to maintain.

Whitehead, in "Deer and Their Management" (1950), estimates the fallow deer population of the British Isles as follows: England, 9500; Scotland, 300; Ireland, 800; Wales, 350. These are not very imposing figures. He suggests that originally there were probably three main colour varieties, the black, the white and the typical English fallow deer. The last is a rich fawn, with large spots in summer, with the pelage a uniform grey-brown, and little or no spotting, in winter. He is on more certain ground when he comments that to-day inbreeding and purposeful crosses

not common, found at Woburn Park and one individual only at Aqualate Park, in which blue-grey hairs are mixed with brownish hairs, to produce a light roan, sometimes with a saddle of normal colour or some other dark mark on the body; a sandy or cream variety; and a yellow and a dark dun.

It has long been recognised that there was a dark variety, and the story was that James I. had the first examples of it brought over from Norway. It is known that the fallow deer was not introduced into Denmark until the Middle Ages, and its introduction into Norway must have been much later, if, indeed, it happened at all. And Harting was of the opinion that fallow deer of the dark variety were in Windsor Park as early as 1465.

Whitehead and Vesey-Fitzgerald have been selected as the two authors who have, in recent years, written at greatest length on this subject. The discrepancies seen in their writings are reflected in all other writings that have appeared in recent years, and I am wondering whether these supposed distinctions may not reside more in the eyes of the beholders than in nature. I have paid some attention to the fallow deer in Bushy Park, and there, in a given herd, one may see anything from almost pure white to the black variety recognised by Whitehead, with every gradation between. There is no sign, for example, that the light and the dark individuals keep separate, and they certainly pair even if they do not interbreed. On the other hand, the present Whipsnade herd is remarkably uniform, and belongs, apparently, to Vesey-Fitzgerald's

light race or Whitehead's typical fallow. In other parks and in forests my experience is that the herds are as varied as it is possible for them to be. They may be all dark, all light, or a mixture of varying shades between the two, and these mixtures in varying proportions.

It may be that each writer is correct, within the field of his own observation. It may even be that there is a first-class problem in animal variation awaiting close study and attention. But it seems to me that the first thing to note is that there are no more than 9000-odd head of fallow deer distributed in herds of varying size in isolated parks, or running wild (*i.e.*, feral). The absence of natural predators, and therefore an absence of natural selection, will allow free rein to the emergence of natural variation in colour. The varying sizes of the herds, the varying conditions under which they live,



VARIETIES OF THE ENGLISH FALLOW DEER: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A NEARLY PURE WHITE DOE AND ONE HAVING A PELAGE INTERMEDIATE BETWEEN THE TYPICAL FALLOW DEER, WITH SPOTS AND WHITE FLANK STRIPE, AND THE DARK VARIETY.

Fallow deer have been in this country for a thousand years as domesticated or semi-domesticated animals but their history earlier than this is obscure. A similar uncertainty attaches to their colour varieties. The typical English fallow deer is a rich fawn with large white spots in summer, and a uniform grey brown in winter, with little or no spotting. In addition, a white and a black variety are recognised, and other colour varieties due to inbreeding and selective breeding. These fallow deer in Bushy Park, photographed in August, show all gradations between the white and the black varieties. [Photographs by Neave Parker.]

to be made for their acceptance as truly native animals is very doubtful. There was a species, closely related to *D. dama*, in the Britain of the warmer interglacial periods of the Ice Age. Some authorities suggest it was identical with it. The best we can say is that it carried a head very like our present fallow deer. From the Ice Age on, that species seems to have disappeared completely. Apparently it survived longer in the outer islands, such as the Orkneys, but there are no traces of it in the later deposits even there. The excavations of a Mesolithic site at Star Carr, in Yorkshire, in recent years, have yielded abundant remains of red deer, roe deer and elk, in addition to those of other ungulates and some carnivores, but there is no sign there of the fallow deer.

At what date it was introduced, or reintroduced, as the case may be, is a matter of doubt. The usual view is that it was brought over by the Romans, though some say by the Phœnicians, and the only certain thing is that it was here in numbers soon after the Norman Conquest. Then it was regularly hunted in England by the king and his barons, and there is little doubt that it must have been imported from one or other of the Mediterranean countries, from Portugal to Greece, where it survived the changes of the post-glacial period, and it was still found wild in Asia Minor in 1912. Whatever may be the truth of its past history, the fallow deer must rank in this and other countries of Northern Europe, as a domesticated or semi-domesticated stock, whether living in parks or feral in the open forest. Like all animals that have been removed from the truly wild state for a long time, they have produced colour varieties, and these lead to more difference of opinion even than the question of their early history.

According to Vesey-Fitzgerald, in "British Game" (1946), there are two distinct races, a dark and a light. The latter, typical of park deer, has the fawn coat with white spots, a white line along the flanks and a line of black along the back and tail. The underparts are greyish white. The whole coat is said to be duller in winter than in summer. The dark race, which he believes to be typical of the wild (? feral) deer, have the same colouring as the park deer in summer. He further remarks: "Both races may be seen on the



SHOWING THE TYPICAL FALLOW DEER PELAGE IN THE LEFT HAND INDIVIDUALS AND AN ALMOST EXTREME EXAMPLE OF THE DARK VARIETY TO THE RIGHT CENTRE: A MIXED GROUP OF FALLOW DEER IN BUSHY PARK.

by owners have produced many aberrant forms. He then refers to a menil fallow deer, lighter in colour than the typical variety, with more conspicuous spots in summer and more spotted in winter. The white variety he describes as normally coloured when young, developing its whiteness later, and in this respect differing from the true albino, which is white from birth. The black variety in summer is jet black on the upper parts, toning to greyish-brown on the neck, forelegs and underparts. Finally, there are: a blue or silver-grey variety,



SHOWING (FROM L. TO R.) A NEARLY TYPICAL PELAGE, WITH WHITE SPOTS AND FLANK STRIPE; A DARK VARIETY; ONE NEARLY PURE WHITE; AN INTERMEDIATE BETWEEN THE TYPICAL AND DARK VARIETIES; AND (ON EXTREME RIGHT) ONE OF THE DARK VARIETY SHOWING REMAINS OF SPOTS AND WHITE FLANK STRIPE.

#### "AN IDEAL GIFT"

THE annual problems of Christmas shopping will soon have to be solved. Those who find it difficult to select the ideal gift (especially for dispatch to friends overseas when the question of packing and other difficulties have to be considered) and seek something to give lasting pleasure and continually to remind the recipient of the affection that the donor feels for him or her, will find the answer in a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it, whether he be near at hand or far away. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

and the varying conditions of their management, will lead to a greater or lesser degree of unconscious artificial selection. Even where no artificial selection is possible or probable, the effects of isolation will tend towards the establishment of definite genetical groupings. The best we can say, therefore, is that the fallow deer, under conditions of partial domestication, are prone to vary, towards melanism on the one hand and albinism on the other, and that the variations in colour will depend on the size of the herd, whether the herd is diluted by imported animals or whether it has formed a clone over a long period, and other variable factors of this sort. To do otherwise is to be dogmatic on insufficient evidence.

## TELEVISED AND BROADCAST: PARTY SPEAKERS ON THE B.B.C. HUSTINGS.



SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS  
(SOCIALIST).

"We didn't join the Labour Party because we hated our fellow-men. We joined because we loved them." Sir Hartley Shawcross appeared in a televised election broadcast with Mr. Mayhew.



MR. RICHARD STOKES  
(SOCIALIST).

"I know the Labour Party pretty well from long experience and you can take it from me that in the Labour Party class-hatred is not going to come to the top."



MISS MARGARET HERBISON  
(SOCIALIST).

But for the international situation and Korean conflict we would already have been enjoying "some of the fruits of our work and of our wisdom in choosing a Labour Government."



MISS PAT HORNSBY-SMITH  
(CONSERVATIVE).

"The Socialists are trying to tell us that this rise in prices is due to the war in Korea and to our rearmament programme. But they can't get away with that."



DR. CHARLES HILL  
(NAT.-LIB. CONSERVATIVE).

"They have seen him [Mr. Morrison] fumble and wobble, bluff and bluster, trying to beat Moussadek and Bevan at the same time and losing to both."



LORD WOOLTON  
(CONSERVATIVE).

"We shall have to fall back on two well-tried and practical remedies—economy in spending public money and sheer hard work from top to bottom, in factories, offices and workshops."



LEADER OF THE LABOUR PARTY, WHO MADE A WIDE TOUR OF THE COUNTRY DURING THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN AND SUMMED UP FOR THE SOCIALISTS IN A BROADCAST ON OCTOBER 20: MR. CLEMENT ATLEE.



MR. HERBERT MORRISON  
(SOCIALIST).

"What is happening in Persia and Egypt is happening all through the Middle East and Asia and Africa. People are demanding the right to live their own lives in their own way."



MR. ANTHONY EDEN  
(CONSERVATIVE).

The Conservatives believe in "opportunity and incentive at home and peace and stability abroad." Mr. Eden gave a television election speech and a political broadcast.



"WE ASK TO BE JUDGED BY OUR PERFORMANCE AND NOT BY OUR PROMISES. WE DO NOT PROMISE TO CREATE A PARADISE, AND NOT EVEN A FOOL'S PARADISE": MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (CONSERVATIVE)



MR. CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW  
(SOCIALIST).

The man who alleged that the cost-of-living chart shown "in good faith" by Mr. Eden was a "deliberate fake." Mr. Mayhew appeared in a televised election broadcast with Sir Hartley Shawcross.



MR. JAMES GRIFFITHS  
(SOCIALIST).

"While the Tories have been laughing about groundnuts, heroic men and women from Britain have been fighting the battle—the battle against poverty and ignorance and disease . . ."



VISCOUNT SAMUEL  
(LIBERAL).

"The feeling is widespread in the country, not only in any one party, that the time has come when a change of Government is necessary." Viscount Samuel gave a television political broadcast.



MR. FRANK BYERS  
(LIBERAL).

"Some people think that the cost of living is the big issue at this election. It is, but a far bigger one is how we are going to preserve peace."



MR. JOSEPH GRIMOND  
(LIBERAL).

"The Liberals would like to see workers given a greater share in the profits of industry. We do not want more nationalisation—indeed, we need more competition."



MR. DINGLE FOOT  
(LIBERAL).

"The Liberal symbol is neither the Queue nor the Ladder, but the open road . . . regardless of wealth or rank or race or colour, we have equal rights on the King's highway."

The first of the political broadcasts to be held, after the date of the election was known, was given on October 6 by Miss Margaret Herbison, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Scotland, on behalf of the Socialist Party. Mr. Winston Churchill, leader of the Opposition in the last two Parliaments, spoke on October 8; being followed by Mr. Dingle Foot, a vice-president of the Liberal Party, on October 9. Mr. Griffiths, Secretary for the Colonies, spoke for the Socialist Party on October 10. On October 11 Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith spoke for the Conservatives; Mr. Joseph Grimond spoke for the Liberals on October 12; Lord Woolton spoke for the

Conservatives on October 13; Mr. Stokes spoke for the Socialist Party on October 15; Dr. Charles Hill spoke for the Conservatives on October 16; Mr. Morrison, the Foreign Secretary, spoke for the Socialist Party on October 17; Mr. Frank Byers spoke for the Liberals on October 18, and Mr. Eden for the Conservatives on October 19. On October 20 Mr. Attlee summed up for the Socialists. The three chief parties each gave a television election broadcast: Sir Hartley Shawcross and Mr. Christopher Mayhew for the Socialists; Viscount Samuel for the Liberals, and Mr. Eden for the Conservatives.

# The World of the Theatre.

## LAUGHING MATTERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

R. F. DELDERFIELD, a dramatist of experience, goes to the point. He calls his new play, "Waggonload o' Monkeys" (Savoy), a farce, and for that at least we are grateful. "Farcical comedy" is an irritating tag, neither one thing nor the other; and what is more annoying than a play that is labelled "comedy" and turns out to be farce? It is as if we had switched on a demure reading-lamp and been greeted by a spurt of irrelevant fireworks.

But when Mr. Delderfield is applauded for his decision, there is little else—in fact one thing only—to cheer. The play is about a Devon inn that has ceased to pay, and about the young man (a tiresome "spiv" type) who is prepared, at one price, to sell it for another. The author toils desperately to make us laugh; his idea of a laughing matter is rarely ours. When he brings down the second act curtain on his variant of a turnip-ghost, we wonder what has happened to the able technician of "Worm's Eye View."

Obvious hard work in a farce is fatal. The author can have taxed himself to a shadow in the writing, and the cast can have been rehearsed to shreds; but nothing of this must show in performance. The straws must seem to sprout naturally from the hair, nonsense must curve smoothly into nonsense, and the moonshine must gleam serenely over all. When the dramatist is too eagerly on guard, crying before line upon line, "This is funny; you'll laugh at this," and the cast bangs itself despairingly at our heads—then there can be nothing for it but silence and dismay.

The only personage at the Savoy with the right kind of farcical life is a little woman, a snippet called Miss Cowshott, who is resolved to be the world's most triumphant punter. Whenever, on the first night, Esma Cannon hurtled in to find the telephone, to register her bet, and to hurtle out again, we knew that Mr. Delderfield

continually refreshed and added to the paradox on which the piece is founded.

We are asked to mourn deeply for James Winter, J.P. (who has Jack Hulbert's chin and lanky ease). He is both a Hampstead churchwarden and the most expert cracksman in Britain. Unhappily, his craft cannot be publicly honoured. He has to keep his volume of Press-cuttings behind a false bookcase; his fame belongs to the underworld. Still, he is happy among the members of his admiring family, all of whom, without exception, are proficient crooks (the parlourmaid, young and an amateur, grows lighter-fingered daily). Imagine, then, the shock when James learns that his son, most promising forger of the time, a boy who used to be so happy

the last, though the third act is slighter than the second, and we lose one cunning farcical twist that I had hoped would be the making of the play. The piece does not twist in that direction, but it is amply crooked in its briskly amoral style: a laughing matter, even if we have to grumble that the authors have plucked too fondly at a single string, kept one just running until it tires.

I could not tire of the Vicar (not a normal Hampstead type,) for whom Denys Blakelock offers so benevolent a beam. The Vicar's mind is kitten-tangled wool, his complaint a brand of pernicious amnesia. Such a part as this can be a sad cliché; but somehow we can believe in Mr. Blakelock, his resolute irresolution, his comings-and-goings, his benign smile, and his toast "To Crime!" at the most inappropriate and disturbing moment.

"The White Sheep of the Family" has what "Waggonload o' Monkeys" lacks: ease, gloss, absence of anxiety. John Fernald has produced with the right feather-touch. Loud-peddalling would have been ruinous.

There is no loud-peddalling in "And This Was Odd," at the Criterion, a comedy in which Kenneth Horne also works upon a single idea without ramifications. The piece, described as a "light comedy," is so quiet that we are almost afraid of overhearing it. Now and then, as when Raymond Huntley gazes at us with a kind of massive glumness, we are impelled to laughter. But, for most of the time, this is a comedy for the mild, hopeful smile, and intermittently—it must be agreed—for the gentle yawn. Mary Jerrold, always lovable, is enabled (by the strange powers of her sleeping-tablets) to haunt the house unseen, while her body is lying asleep upstairs. Thanks to this, Grandmother manages to take a share in the family's various plots and purposes. That is all, and we want rather more than that for an evening. Mr. Horne tantalises us occasionally



"A GENUINE LAUGHING MATTER" AT THE PICCADILLY: "THE WHITE SHEEP OF THE FAMILY," BY IAN HAY AND L. DU GARDE PEACH, IN WHICH A MASTER-CRACKSMAN (JACK HULBERT) SAVES HIS FORGER-SON FROM THE DISGRACE OF GOING "STRAIGHT." OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS (L. TO R.) ALICE WINTER (JOYCE CAREY), SAM JACKSON (CYRIL CHAMBERLAIN), ANGELA (RONA ANDERSON), PETER WINTER (DEREK BLOMFELD), PAT WINTER (SONIA WILLIAMS) AND JAMES WINTER (JACK HULBERT).



A PLAY IN WHICH THE AUTHOR "TOILS DESPERATELY TO MAKE US LAUGH": "WAGGONLOAD O' MONKEYS," BY R. F. DELDERFIELD, AT THE SAVOY. MR. TREWIN SAYS: "THE ONLY PERSONAGE WITH THE RIGHT KIND OF FARICAL LIFE IS A LITTLE WOMAN, A SNIPPET CALLED MISS COWSHOTT." OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS (L. TO R.) MISS COWSHOTT (ESMA CANNON), EVELYN DAWN (ROSALYN BOULTER) AND PHILIP JOHNSON (PETER NEIL).

"forging in his little den," has decided to go straight. "I've joined the bank," Peter says, "to become an honest citizen." And his mother exclaims in grief: "Oh, Peter, the disgrace of it!" Well, there it is: the boy has got himself into the fairway, and he must be diverted, brought back to the crooked path. His father, who insists upon calling himself, in Mr. Hulbert's smoothest fashion, "a self-employed individualist," has now to look to his son's honour. The authors, having once got us to stand on our heads, keep us there until



"AN URGENT BUSINESS ABOUT A POSSESSIVE MOTHER AND THE SON WITHOUT A VOCATION WHOM SHE DROVE TO THE PRIESTHOOD": "A PRIEST IN THE FAMILY," BY KIERAN TUNNEY AND JOHN SYNGE AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE. OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS (L. TO R.) PATRICK MOLLOY (JOHN MCDARBY), RORY MURPHY (RONALD WALSH), SEAN MURPHY (JOSEPH O'CONNOR), KATE MURPHY (MAUREEN DELANY) AND CARRIE DONOVAN (MAIRE O'NEILL).

was for one darting moment in the true world of farce.

On seeing Miss Cowshott at the telephone, I remembered how, long ago, in Ian Hay's farce, "The Sport of Kings," another dear soul—played by Mary Jerrold—had backed a winner inadvertently when ringing up her coal-merchant. A new Ian Hay piece (in collaboration with L. du Garde Peach) is in London now, at the Piccadilly; and this is a genuine laughing matter. The authors, wisely maybe, use no label: it is left to us to decide whether "The White Sheep of the Family" is comedy or farce.

It is, I would say, extravagant comedy. The situations are not in the mood of breathless pitch-and-toss. Indeed, it is not until the end that we realise how very little has happened on the stage: a compliment to the liveliness of the dialogue, the way in which Ian Hay and L. du Garde Peach have

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE PRODIGIOUS SNOB" (Bristol Old Vic).—A laughing matter in which I hope London will join: Miles Malleon, as M. Jourdain, endears himself in his own theatrically apt version of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," produced by Denis Carey. (Run began: September 25.)

FRENCH PLAYERS (St. James's).—The final performances of the Madeleine Renaud-Jean-Louis Barrault company, and especially Edwige Feuillère in "Partage de Midi," added to the lustre of a notable season. (October 1 and October 5.)

"AND THIS WAS ODD" (Criterion).—Mary Jerrold, as a grandmother who is another form of blithe spirit, walks through wall and bookcase in a too-mild Kenneth Horne comedy, a puff-ball business about the odd effects of a sleeping-tablet. (October 2.)

"A PRIEST IN THE FAMILY" (Westminster).—The serious scenes of Kieran Tunney and John Synge's contrived drama of a scheming mother and the son she forces into the priesthood, are acted carefully, especially by Sheila Manahan as an ill-used girl. Maire O'Neill's performance, in a quite irrelevant comedy part, shines from the evening. (October 3.)

BALLET (Cambridge Theatre).—This is the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas, with some fine dancing by George Skibine, George Zoritch, Serge Golovine, Rosella Hightower, and Marjorie Tallchief. Golovine excited the first-night house in "The Enchanted Mill." (October 8.)

"WAGGONLOAD O' MONKEYS" (Savoy).—R. F. Delderfield's farce, from a synthetic Devon, roars with difficulty. One pleasant grotesque by Esma Cannon. (October 9.)

"THE WHITE SHEEP OF THE FAMILY" (Piccadilly).—Ian Hay and L. du Garde Peach explain how the master-cracksman, Hampstead's Raffles, saves his forger-son from the disgrace of going "straight." Happy, tongue-in-cheek nonsense, with Jack Hulbert as the master-crook, and—as a dithering Vicar—Denys Blakelock. (October 11.)

"WOMEN IN TWILIGHT" (Embassy).—A disturbing but undeniably strong all-women drama, with Barbara Couper dominant in an uncompromising part. (October 15.)

with such pleasing decoration as the butler with his trick—which could be enlarged—of candid muttering. But I fear that the piece goes into the class of the mayfly Family Play.

It is hardly the phrase for "A Priest in the Family" (Westminster). No one would call this Irish problem-drama a mayfly. It is an urgent business about a possessive mother and the son without a vocation whom she drove to the priesthood—not caring that, in doing so, she twisted three lives awry. The drama is wrought as mechanically as "Waggonload o' Monkeys." Still, it has substance and does give a cue for debate. I shall think of it, I am afraid, principally for its laughing matters: the alcoholic villager of John McDarby, and, over all, Maire O'Neill's coaxing chatterer with a flash in the eye, a lilt in her voice, and her hat askew. When Miss O'Neill is in the family, look out!



TAKING THE SALUTE AT A MARCH-PAST OF NAVY, ARMY AND AIR FORCE CADETS AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION: PRINCESS ELIZABETH (ON DAIS; RIGHT) IN TORONTO



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVING AT HART HOUSE.

#### THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' VISIT TO TORONTO ON OCTOBER 12-13.

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh left Trenton by air on October 12, and arrived at Toronto Airport at Malton at 5 p.m. Their Royal Highnesses were welcomed by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Lieut-Colonel the Hon. Ray Lawson, and Mrs. Lawson and the Prime Minister of Ontario, Mr. Leslie Frost, and Mrs. Frost. They then drove to the City Hall for a civic reception and later dined privately with the Lieutenant-Governor in his suite at Parliament Buildings. On October 13 their Royal Highnesses visited the Canadian National Exhibition, where Princess Elizabeth took the

salute at a march-past of Navy, Army and Air Force cadets, and then made a short tour of the University of Toronto. Princess Elizabeth lunched with Mrs. Lawson in the Lieutenant-Governor's suite, and the Duke of Edinburgh was the guest of honour at a luncheon given by the Toronto Board of Trade. In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses visited the Sunnybrook (Military) Hospital and the Hospital for Sick Children. After attending the official dinner given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Ray Lawson at the Royal York Hotel, their Royal Highnesses left by train for Niagara Falls.

*N.B.—The front page of our issue of October 20 shows Princess Elizabeth with the Hon. W. Ross Macdonald, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, and not with the Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent, as stated in the letterpress.*

# THE PRINCESS AT NIAGARA: "ROYAL" WEATHER FOR THE ROYAL VISIT.



ADMIRING THE BEAUTY OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA: THE ROYAL PARTY, WITH THE DUKE (CENTRE; POINTING) AND THE PRINCESS, SIXTH FIGURE TO THE RIGHT OF HIM.



LEAVING CHRIST CHURCH, NIAGARA, AFTER MORNING SERVICE ON OCTOBER 14: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO READ THE LESSON.



SHOWING A SECTION OF THE HUGE CROWD WHICH ASSEMBLED TO GREET THE ROYAL VISITORS: THE PRINCESS LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY MAYOR HAWKINS IN OAKES GARDENS THEATRE.



GAZING DOWN INTO THE CAULDRON OF BOILING WATER AT THE FOOT OF THE CANADIAN HORSESHOE FALLS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

ON October 14, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh saw the Falls of Niagara. They arrived from Toronto in the Royal train, attended morning service, and then went to Oakes Gardens before viewing the Canadian Horseshoe Falls in brilliant sunshine from Table Rock. The Duke had no small change when he wished to try the binoculars mounted for public use, but a dime was soon produced. The Royal party then donned waterproofs, pink for the Princess, beige for the Duke, and made the tunnel trip beneath the Falls to an observation point.



WEARING SPECIAL MACKINTOSHES FOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE SPRAY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WALKING THROUGH THE TUNNEL BENEATH THE FALLS.



(ABOVE.) THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES DRIVING THROUGH THE CHEERING THROG IN THE HAMILTON STADIUM AT HAMILTON, ONTARIO, WHICH THEY VISITED ON THE AFTERNOON OF OCTOBER 14.

AFTER their visit to Niagara Falls on the morning of October 14, their Royal Highnesses travelled by train to Windsor, Ontario, and during the afternoon's journey made a number of brief stops at towns on the route, some of them scheduled and others unscheduled, where the Royal train made a brief pause. At St. Catharine's the Princess was nearly left behind, when there was some confusion about a musical signal; and later the Duke donned sun-glasses and engine-driver's cap and drove the locomotive for some fourteen miles. The train reached Windsor late at night and the Royal party slept in the train. Windsor is just across the river from the U.S. motor-car metropolis of Detroit, and Detroit took its part in the tumultuous welcome which the Princess and the Duke received. At a speech to children in Jackson Park, Princess Elizabeth referred to the Windsor which she knew so well and thanked the citizens of Windsor, Ontario, for their generosity in the Thames floods of a few years ago.

## THE ROYAL TOUR: THROUGH ONTARIO TO THE CANADIAN WINDSOR AND A JOINT CANADIAN-U.S. WELCOME.

(RIGHT.) PRINCESS ELIZABETH SHAKES HANDS WITH A RED INDIAN CHIEF IN FULL CEREMONIAL DRESS, DURING HER BRIEF VISIT TO BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, DURING THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 14.



AT THE OTHER WINDSOR—PRINCESS ELIZABETH (WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BESIDE HER) ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS LED BY THE MAYOR OF WINDSOR, ONTARIO, MR. A. RÉAUME (AT THE MICROPHONE). THE PARTY IS STANDING ON GOVERNMENT DOCK, WITH DETROIT IN THE BACKGROUND.



A TOY CAR—ONE OF MANY CANADIAN PRESENTS FOR PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE—DEMONSTRATED BY THE MAYOR OF WINDSOR, ONTARIO, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE.



A JOINT CANADIAN-U.S. WELCOME FOR THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES: A DEMONSTRATION BY FIRE-FLOAT FROM THE WINDSOR AND DETROIT FIRE SERVICES, WITH DETROIT TOWERING IN THE BACKGROUND.

# THE ROYAL VISITORS IN KAPUSKASING AND WINNIPEG, AND THE DUKE AS A TRAIN DRIVER.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO KAPUSKASING NEWSPRINT MILLS: THE DUKE (LEFT) CHATTING WITH A WORKMAN, WHILE THE PRINCESS LOOKS AT THE GREAT PAPER ROLLS.



A CHARMING EPISODE AT WINNIPEG: ONE OF THE YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF THE WINNIPEG BALLET COMPANY CURTSEYING TO THE PRINCESS AFTER PRESENTING A BOUQUET. THE DUKE IS ON THE RIGHT.



THE ROYAL PARTY IN THE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER OF THE MANITOBA PARLIAMENT BUILDING, WINNIPEG: THE PRINCESS STOOPING TO ACCEPT A BOUQUET FROM A LITTLE GIRL, WHILE THE DUKE STANDS WATCHING ON THE RIGHT.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AS A LOCOMOTIVE DRIVER: HE DROVE THE ROYAL TRAIN BETWEEN NIAGARA AND HAMILTON, ONTARIO, FOR FOURTEEN MILES ON OCTOBER 14.



THE ROYAL VISITORS ON ARRIVAL AT WINNIPEG ON OCTOBER 16: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, IN A ROBIN-RED DRESS AND MINK COAT, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AT THE AIRPORT.

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh had their first taste of Canadian winter during their flight from Kapuskasing, Ontario, to Winnipeg, capital of the Canadian wheat belt. Their aircraft met strong head winds, but touched down only six minutes late on October 16. In order to protect the Royal visitors, their open car was fitted with a plastic "blister top" made by the de Havilland Aircraft Company of Canada. During their half-day at Winnipeg they fulfilled many engagements and visited the districts which suffered last year from the severe Red River floods. In the evening they saw a command performance by the Winnipeg Ballet Company. Kapuskasing, which was visited on October 15,



HOW THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE WERE PROTECTED FROM THE COLD, BUT NOT OBSCURED FROM THE VIEW OF THE CROWDS ASSEMBLED TO GREET THEM: THE ROYAL PAIR ARRIVING AT CITY HALL, WINNIPEG, IN AN OPEN CAR WITH A PLASTIC "BLISTER" HOOD.

is a simple town in the Canadian "wilderness." It is the seat of great paper mills, and has a population of 5000, but another 10,000 or 15,000 people came in for the occasion from points hundreds of miles away, making the journey by car, motor-coach, in special trains and in farm trucks.

# THE ROYAL VISITORS AT REGINA—HEADQUARTERS OF THE "MOUNTIES."



BEFORE GIVING THEIR MUSICAL RIDE IN THE INDOOR RIDING SCHOOL IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCESS: THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF CANADIAN "MOUNTIES" LINED UP.



OUTSIDE THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, REGINA: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETING OF THE CROWDS, WHILE PRESENTATIONS ARE MADE TO THE PRINCESS.



WEARING THE MINK COAT WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO HER BY THE CANADIAN PEOPLE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DURING HER TOUR OF REGINA ON OCTOBER 17, WITH THE DUKE.

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Regina, Saskatchewan, in the Royal train on October 17 in very cold weather, to which the glowing warmth of their reception afforded a contrast. During the day they spent at this town, which, as the Mayor reminded her Royal Highness, was named after her great-great-grandmother, they fulfilled a long programme, and the Princess spoke from a platform outside the Legislative Building and accepted gifts characteristic of



THE ROYAL PARTY ARRIVING AT THE CITY HALL, REGINA: PRINCESS ELIZABETH IS WALKING UP THE CARPETED ENTRANCE WITH THE MAYOR, ALDERMAN G. MENZIES.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH SPEAKING FROM THE PLATFORM OUTSIDE THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, REGINA, WITH THE DUKE (IN NAVAL UNIFORM) BEHIND.

Saskatchewan. Regina is the H.Q. of the "Mounties," the Canadian Mounted Police, and the Princess visited the Police Museum and saw a display of "Mountie" horsemanship given in the indoor riding school, instead of in the open air, on account of the cold. One of the leading Regina personalities presented was Mr. Grassick, senior ex-Mayor, who met the King and Queen during their Canadian tour, and was also presented to King George V and Queen Mary in 1901.



CHATting WITH CRIPPLED BOY SCOUTS IN THE CALGARY STADIUM, WHERE A "CHUCK-WAGON" (PICNIC) LUNCH WAS SERVED: PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



INSPECTING AN INTERESTING RELIC OF PIONEERING DAYS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH EXAMINING A "CHUCK-WAGON," A VEHICLE OF THE TYPE USED ON THE CATTLE RANGES.



PROTECTED BY BUFFALO ROBES AND ELECTRICALLY-HEATED BLANKETS: THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE WATCHING THE WINTER "STAMPEDE" AND MINIATURE RODEO.

The Royal visit to Calgary on October 18 was a thrilling, unforgettable occasion. The weather was unpleasantly wintry, but, swathed in buffalo robes and electrically-heated Hudson Bay blankets, the Princess and the Duke saw a splendid display of cowboy horsemanship in the first winter "stampede," or miniature rodeo, ever held in Calgary. The Duke had accepted a "ten-gallon hat" at lunch, and he found it useful when watching the "stampede," as this form of headgear keeps snowflakes off the face. A wildly enthusiastic Western welcome was accorded the Royal visitors, and their engagements included the tour of a village of

## THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA: A WESTERN WELCOME TO THE PRINCESS IN CALGARY.



INDICATING THE NECESSITY FOR THE "BLISTER TOP" HOOD FITTED TO THE ROYAL CAR: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVING THROUGH CALGARY IN SNOW.



STEPPING OUT OF THE STAGE-COACH USED BY KING EDWARD VII. WHEN, AS PRINCE OF WALES, HE VISITED CANADA IN 1860: PRINCESS ELIZABETH ARRIVING AT THE "STAMPEDE" GROUND.



SHOWING HOW THE PRINCESS'S FUR COAT WAS FLECKED BY SNOW-FLAKES: THE ROYAL VISITORS WATCHING THE "STAMPEDE."

1500 Indians which had been installed in the Exhibition grounds, a drive in an old stage-coach, and a "chuck-wagon" (picnic) lunch served in the ice-hockey stadium, where Boy Scouts and Cubs, Girl Guides and Brownies paraded. The Princess accepted gifts for her children—a little doeskin suit from the Indians and a cowboy outfit from the Municipality, during the day. The Calgarians avoided formality as much as possible in order to offer a "Howdy folks—the latch string's off—the town's all yours" welcome. An addition to the programme was a visit to the Veterans' Hospital.



THE PRINCESS VISITS A WIGWAM: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH RED INDIANS, IN THE SPECIALLY INSTALLED VILLAGE AT CALGARY.

Red Indians, wearing blankets and with their feather head-dresses ruffled by the cold breeze, welcomed Princess Elizabeth with a dance of greeting by braves to the sound of tom-toms and bells when she and the Duke visited the village specially installed in the Exhibition grounds, Calgary, and housing some 1500 Indians from a reserve sixty miles away. The chiefs were presented and

expressed their loyalty with high courtesy, and the Princess then met some of the squaws and accepted the gift of a miniature Indian suit of white doeskin for one of her children from mothers in all five of the Southern Alberta Indian tribes. It was presented by seventy-year-old Mrs. Antoinette Heavyshield, who was one of those who had worked on it.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IF one were called on to define the subject of "School for Love," by Olivia Manning (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), the answer would be obvious and simple. It is about Growing Up—a title which the author has already given to a book of short stories. As such, this well-worn theme exerts a rather dubious attraction. The reader glances into it for a reflection of his own face; the writer is inclined to choose it from the same motive. And thus the theme itself, for all its charm, acquires a half-baked, almost illicit flavour. But of course there is a way out—short of that native and poetic genius which can do anything. The cure is to provide a strong objective element, by way of bone structure.

And "School for Love" is brilliantly objective; it would still be brilliant if the hero's growth, which is the heart of it, were left out. Young Felix has been

dumped down in Jerusalem, towards the end of the war. He is an orphan from Baghdad, where, first, his father was killed, then his adored and rather silly mother died of typhoid. Nobody wanted Felix after that, and yet it was impossible to send him home. And so Miss Bohun was dug up—a kind of pseudo-aunt whom he had never seen, but who agreed to take "the poor boy" just for his expenses. And here he is, alone and miserable in a cold and dark house, ruled by an enigmatic little woman like a praying mantis.

Felix, at sixteen, has a child's naïveté—because his mother was the world to him, because she liked him like that. But now it can't go on. Now he must face the world itself, and learn to read it with his own eyes. And for a start there is Miss Bohun—that household sphinx, the measure of his progress, and his test piece.

At first she keeps him at arm's length, and he is chilled and scared. Then she confides, and he identifies her as a good woman, a kind of missionary saint. In fact, it is as clear as day. Has she not been a saint to him, and to the Polish cook, and to the poor old fellow in the attic? Has she not given them a home, in an unfriendly world? Oddly enough, it was the cook's home once, though she has somehow turned into the maid of all work. And Felix is being rooked, and starved, and frozen to the marrow. . . . But he does not see that as evidence; and since Frau Leszno is a horrid creature, that must be all right. Old Mr. Jewel in the attic is a different case; and when Miss Bohun so cleverly evicts him, Felix has his first shock. Then he succumbs to the new lodger, and progresses rapidly—indeed, till he is quite grown up, in a naïve and childish world. Which is the next stage.

Miss Bohun, that admirable little monster, could stand alone; she is the core of the objective element. Under her sway the novel would be farce. But Felix makes it into high comedy, a tender and ironic "criticism of life."

"The West Pier," by Patrick Hamilton (Constable; 12s. 6d.), expends great talent on what is, after all, essentially, a super-thriller. It is the first act in the career of Ernest Ralph Gorse, a monster of a different quality from poor Miss Bohun, heading for a bad end which one can guess, and which will be disclosed in detail in the long run. Its villain is to be the butt, or object, of a novel-sequence. This time, a schoolboy prologue shows that he was born bad; and then we meet him on the Brighton front, as one of three young gentlemen in process of "getting off." The quarry is a lovely shop-girl named Esther Downes, and Gorse is not her pick; she likes the comely, kindly and attractive Ryan, who adored her at sight. Gorse has no feeling for her in the usual sense—his inclinations are less hackneyed; but he is full of enterprise, and even rashly devoid of scruple. So he contrives to part the lovers with a vengeance and depart in glory, leaving despair and ruin in his wake.

The detail here is first-class. The world of school, the art and etiquette of "getting off," the social backgrounds and assumptions are minutely displayed. Esther is well accounted for and really touching, and the learned Bell, that gawky super in the love-game, is a minor triumph. What fixes the whole book at thriller-level is its chief character. Ernest Ralph Gorse is self-consistent, and he is sensational, but he is not understood; indeed, there is no effort to explain him. Yet he needs it in a big way; we feel the springs of his peculiar action ought to be the subject itself. I doubt if so pronounced a job for the psychiatrist would ever make a great novel; but only melodrama can remain if the psychiatrist is left out.

"Heaven Knows Where," by Moira Gaskin (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is an involved yet slender, backward-looking story of unhappy loves. Louise, in youth, gave herself up to a now famous writer, who dropped her on the eve of war and used her in his best work. He never knew that he had left her pregnant. Years have gone by; Roderick is dying of cancer, and he wants her back. Meanwhile, he has run down and killed her little boy—his boy as well, though he has no suspicion of it. For she is now the widow of a better man. She is in hospital, moreover, with a nervous breakdown; and he calls every day, pressing his claim on her devotion. For he can't work without her. Parallel to Louise's story, and obscurely linked with it, is Dr. Gates's wife-trouble. The doctor loves his wife, who is a beauty and is bored stiff: who may or may not leave him for another man—just as Louise may or may not repeat her sacrifice. What the connection was, beyond that, I could hardly see. The tale is wandering and vague, a failure, but a graceful and aspiring one.

"Poison-Pen at Pyford," by Douglas Fisher (Hodder and Stoughton; 9s. 6d.), is a bucolic and a bloodless crime-story. Even its poison-missives don't contain much to hurt—no monstrous charges, no obscenities, only a mild needling. Yet they are so effective that the local magnate calls in the local sleuth, who is the tractor-man at Middleways and incidentally the local Don Juan. Jeff has had some success before, and as before, he is assisted by his large Ma, an amateur historian shaped like a gasometer. It is young Jeff who does the leg-work and tells the story, while Ma supplies most of the bright ideas. The author does not suffer from sophistication, and his jokes are sometimes funny and sometimes not. But on the whole it is a jolly, sociable business, and a nice change.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## THE ARTIST IN SEARCH OF HIS SOUL.

ON one occasion Edouard Manet was watching two great friends, Claude Monet and Pierre Auguste Renoir, painting, as those two great friends often did, side by side. When opportunity offered, Manet drew Monet on one side and said: "You are a good friend of Renoir's, why don't you tell him to give up painting? You can see he will never get anywhere." As Mr. Walter Pach says in his excellent text to "Pierre Auguste Renoir," in the Library of Great Painters (Idehurst Press; 50s.): Manet was making "one of the worst wrong guesses in history." Renoir was immensely influenced by the Impressionists, but he parted company with them because of his respect for the Great Masters. Impressionists became the partisans of Delacroix, the romantic, for his mastery of colour, in the great controversy of which Ingres, the classicist, was the other

protagonist. But Renoir, for all his admiration of Delacroix, was greatly drawn by the classic discipline of Ingres' painting. Indeed, Renoir's greatness lay precisely, perhaps, in the knowledge that he was too big to be tied by the bigotry of any one school. Thus he was able to say that "by about 1883 I had wrung Impressionism dry and I finally came to the conclusion that I knew neither how to paint nor how to draw. In a word, Impressionism was a blind alley as far as I was concerned." M. Walter Pach was a lucky man. When he first visited Renoir in 1908 it was in no very optimistic frame of mind. He wanted an interview, and Renoir had not given one for over thirty years. M. Pach, however, must have struck some chord in the old man as he "chattered along like a magpie" on and off for a period of four years, so that Gabrielle, "his housekeeper and his model would rattle the dishes as a signal for me to be off." Gabrielle (and what a magnificent model she made) was rightly concerned for his health, for Renoir was crippled with arthritis for fully half his long life, so that in his later years, the most radiant period of his art, he could not bring thumb and forefinger together and had to have his brushes fastened to his hand with a clasp. Indeed, nothing is more astonishing than his incursion into the field of sculpture when he was unable to make a chisel stroke of his own—guiding his assistants with a light pointer. Renoir, the son of working-class parents, was a kindly man and a sensible one. "Don't ask me," he said "if painting should be objective or subjective—I don't give a damn about such things. It makes me wild to have young painters come to me and ask about the aims of painting. And then there are those who explain to me why I put a red or a blue for such and such a place . . . granted that our craft is difficult, complicated; I understand the soul-searchings. But all the same, a little simplicity, a little candour is necessary."

I do not think that Renoir would have approved of Mr. Leo Bronstein, who provides the text for "El Greco," a book also produced by the Idehurst Press (50s.), and which is a fine example of the printer's and colour-printer's art. For there are occasions when Mr. Bronstein's view on the great Cretan-Spaniard and his art are so obscure and complicated that you can read certain passages three or four times and still be unclear as to what on earth they mean. Indeed, Mr. Bronstein's text gives me the impression of having been translated from the works of a peculiarly heavy-styled German professor by someone with an imperfect knowledge of the English language. However, nothing can detract from the beauty of the illustrations (the sumptuousness of the colouring of the robes of Saints Stephen and Augustine in the "Burial of Count Orgaz," indeed, seems to me to be greater than I remember it in the Church of Santo Tomé, in Toledo), and in his analyses of the individual pictures Mr. Bronstein is happier than in his introductory text. A magnificent book for any art-lover's library.

The same must be said of "Vincent Van Gogh," (Idehurst Press; 50s.), with a text by Meyer Schapiro, of the Department of Fine Arts in Columbia University. (Incidentally, looking through these three books, one realises what a vast proportion of the world's greatest masterpieces have gone dollar-earning.) Mr. Schapiro takes us through the various stages of Van Gogh's career. His early rôle as a peasant painter, his plunge into impressionism, the period at Arles and the unhappy period at Saint-Rémy, when he did some of his best work in an effort to stave off the final collapse of his mind by throwing himself into his painting. Like many artists of that time, Van Gogh both needed God and was repelled by him. His few religious pictures are, as a result, little more than artistic curiosities, imitations of Delacroix whom, like Renoir, he so greatly admired. There is something curiously "period" in his description of God as an artist whose one great creation, the world, was "a study that didn't come off," or the phrase "that doesn't keep me from having a terrible need of—shall I say the word?—religion." It is all a little naïvely unhappy—like anarchists shouting blasphemies in a Spanish church in the Spanish Civil War.

Van Gogh was a child of his period, a period the lingering traces of which we still see to-day. As Professor Anthony Blunt, in his Foreword to "Miserere,"

by Georges Rouault (Trianon Press; 25s.), says, "it is probably harder to be a good religious artist at the present time than at any other time in history; to be a great religious artist may now even be impossible." A religion which is on the defensive against agnosticism and atheism can scarcely produce the serene unmannered art of the great ages of faith. This almost strident assertion of faith in an age when it is so strongly challenged in France is characteristic of Rouault's work. These fine reproductions of the work of this interesting artist leave a sense of disturbance in the mind.

A charming and original book is Miss Elizabeth Rothenstein's "The Virgin and the Child" (Collins; 12s. 6d.). Miss Rothenstein has hit on the happy idea of forming an anthology of paintings and poems in which and through which she contrives to tell the whole story of the Nativity. The skill with which she has selected the passages of poetry which she uses to illustrate the spirit of the Masters whose paintings she reproduces is remarkable. E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

JUST two very bright 1951 games this week. That both are from Eastern Europe is not entirely accidental; State support of the game there reaches heights almost ridiculous in our eyes, with an inevitable enhancement of competition and skill.

The first was played in this year's Moscow championship; the players are pure Russian, though their names are pure German:

## SICILIAN DEFENCE.

AVERBACH	FRIDSTEIN	AVERBACH	FRIDSTEIN
1. P-K4	P-QB4	5. Kt-QB3	P-Q3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	6. B-KKt5	P-K3
3. P-Q4	P×P	7. Q-Q3	
4. Kt×P	Kt-B3		

An interesting alternative, suggested by Keres, to the usual 7. Q-Q2.

8. Castles	7. B-K2	10. Q×Kt	Q-R4
9. P-B4	Castles	11. Q-Q2	P-KR3
	Kt×Kt	12. P-KR4!	Kt×P!?

Black was well advised to evade the vicious attack which he would have invited by 12. . . . P×B; 13. RP×P followed, after the attacked knight moves, by 14. P-KKt4 threatening 15. Q-R2; but he encounters, three moves later, unexpected difficulties.

13. Kt×Kt	Q×Qch	15. RP×P	P-B4
14. R×Q	P×B		

Or 15. . . . P-Q4; 16. P-KKt3! P×Kt? 17. R(Q2)-R2, P-B3; 18. P-Kt6 and wins. We suddenly perceive that this threat along the open rook's file is a nasty one.

16. Kt×P	R-Q1	18. Kt×Bch	K-B2
17. Kt×BP!	R×R	19. K×R	B-Q2

It seems to me that the natural 19. . . . K×Kt would be good enough for a draw: 20. R-R8, P-QKt3; 21. R-Kt8, K-B2; 22. R-Q8, K-K2 with repetition of moves, since 22. . . . B-Kt2? 23. R-Q7ch would of course be disastrous, and unless Black can play B-Kt2, his rook will be incarcerated for a long time.

20. R-R7	R-K1	22. P-B6	K-Kt1
21. P-B5	R×Kt	23. P-Kt6!	Resigns

The other game was played in the Zonal Tournament in Czechoslovakia which is the first step towards the World Championship:

## NIEMTSO-INDIAN DEFENCE.

BALANEL	PYTLA-KOWSKY	BALANEL	PYTLA-KOWSKY
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	3. Kt-QB3	B-Kt5
2. P-QB4	P-K3	4. Q-B2	Castles

The move which is all *la mode* in this defence. 5. B-Kt5 is now generally considered the best reply.

5. P-K3	P-B4	12. B-Kt2	Kt-Kt3
6. P×P	Kt-QR3	13. R-Q1	Q-K2
7. KKt-K2	Kt×P	14. B-K2	B-K3
8. P-QR3	B×Ktch	15. Castles	QR-B1
9. Kt×B	P-Q4	16. Q-Ktr	Kt-B5
10. P-QKt4	Kt(B4)-Q2	17. Kt-Kt5	P-QR3
11. P×P	P×P	18. Kt-Q4	P-QKt4

It is not easy to see exactly why White's game collapses so suddenly; the passivity of his pieces, in comparison with Black's, is clear, however.

19. Kt-Kt3	Kt-K5	20. Q-R1	Q-Kt4
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Threatening 21. . . . Kt×KP!

21. B-Q4	B-R6	23. K-R1	R-KKt3
22. B-B3	R-B3	24. P×B	Q-Kt8ch!

White resigns, for if 25. R×Q, Kt×BP mate.

## THE KOREAN WAR: BRITISH TROOPS IN ACTION, AND THE PANMUNJOM LIAISON TRUCE TALKS.



BRITISH AWARDS IN KOREA: THE PARADE AT WHICH MAJOR-GENERAL CASSELS, COMMANDING THE 1ST COMMONWEALTH DIVISION, MADE PRESENTATIONS TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 28TH BRIGADE.



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NORTH OF THE IMJIN RIVER: STRETCHER-BEARERS MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH A HEAVILY SHELLED WOOD TO A FORWARD POSITION OF THE K.S.L.I.



WATCHING THE PROGRESS OF THE K.S.L.I. AND THE K.O.S.B.: THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER, MAJOR-GENERAL CASSELS, WITH (ON HIS RIGHT) BRIGADIER GEORGE TAYLOR OF THE 28TH BRIGADE.



THE TALKS TO RESUME THE TALKS: THE BATTERED MARQUEE AT PANMUNJOM, IN WHICH U.N. AND COMMUNIST LIAISON OFFICERS DISCUSSED THE POSSIBILITY OF RESUMPTION.

On October 10, after several weeks during which Notes were exchanged, discussions between liaison officers were opened at Panmunjom to explore the possibility of actually reopening the armistice talks. For some days there was deadlock as to the actual area of neutral ground which would be required, the Communists requiring a neutralised zone of some 175 square miles; General Ridgway preferring one of 20 square miles. On October 18 General Ridgway said he was prepared to accept an area of 40 square miles and by October 21 it appeared likely that



THE OPENING OF THE DISCUSSIONS TO REOPEN ARMISTICE TALKS: U.N. AND COMMUNIST REPRESENTATIVES ENTER THE CONFERENCE ON OCTOBER 10.

the actual armistice talks might be resumed within a few days at the Panmunjom site, which would be marked, it was reported, by brightly coloured barrage balloons. In the meanwhile the United Nations advance was continuing steadily, but slowly and at considerable cost, all along the front. It was believed that the Communist "winter line" was beginning to crumble, and on October 21 it appeared likely that the Communist fortress at Kumsong would fall. The Commonwealth 28th Brigade had been in action north of the Imjin River.

## Foresight on blue glass

LONG BEFORE THE PAPER was made on which to-day's news appears Albert Robbins\* had all the information he needed. In charge of the giant grindstones which reduce logs to pulp at the only groundwood mill in the United Kingdom—one of the group of Bowaters' mills in Kent—part of Robbins' job is to ensure that the wood is ground to give exactly the right fibre for the manufacture of good paper. Every few minutes he scoops samples from the watery pulp flowing from the grinding machines and examines them on a blue glass under a strong light. Largely upon Robbins' skill and practised eye depends the satisfactory operation of the newsprint machines.



*Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.*

The hum of the grinders drowns the cries of the gulls wheeling over the mud flats of the Thames Estuary, and the siren blasts of distant ships. Thoughts of his hobbies—the allotment, his football team and the bowling green—do not distract his attention. As he chats Robbins' eyes and ears are alert. For each of the five great paper-making machines at Kemsley consumes some 10,000 spruce trees every week—the raw material of newsprint for the free press of the democratic world.



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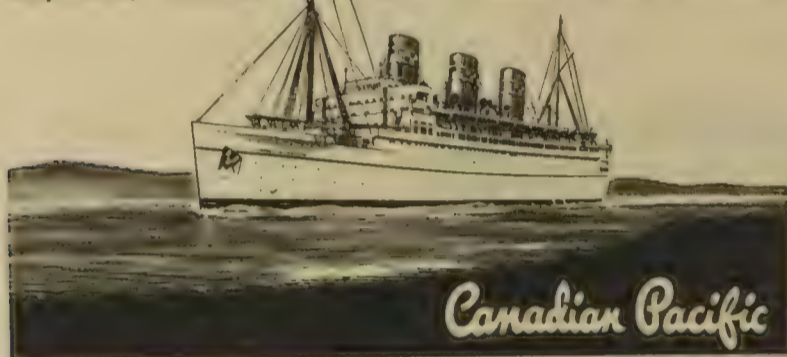
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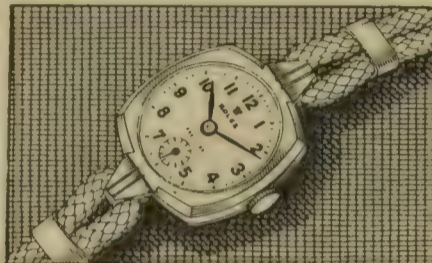
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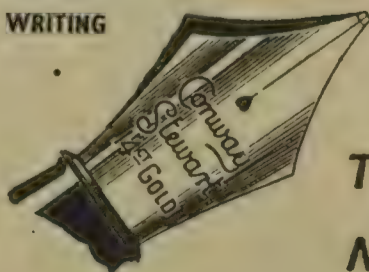
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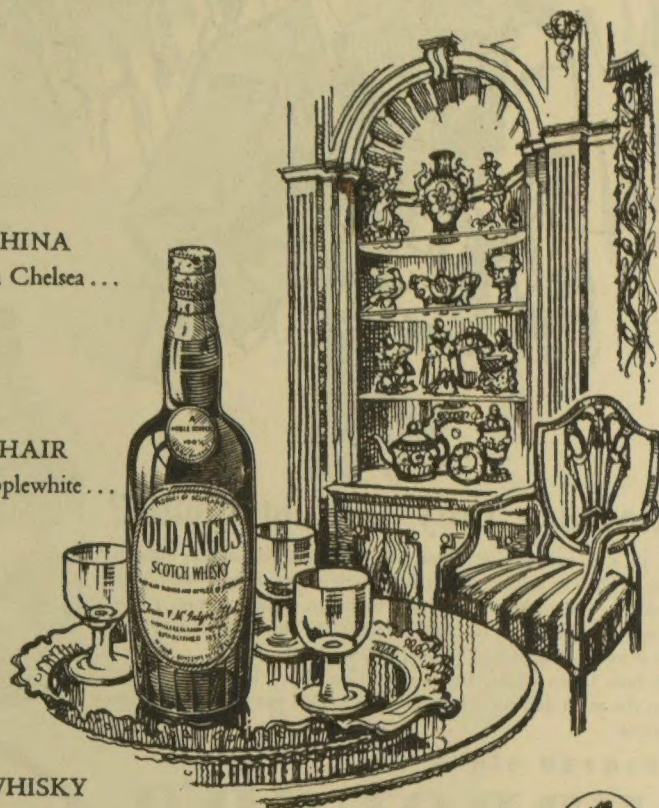
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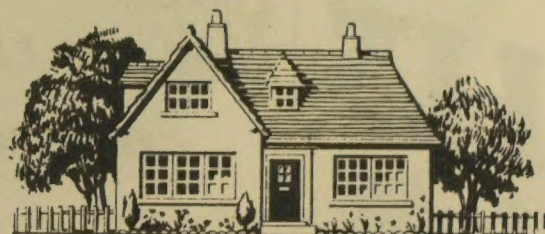
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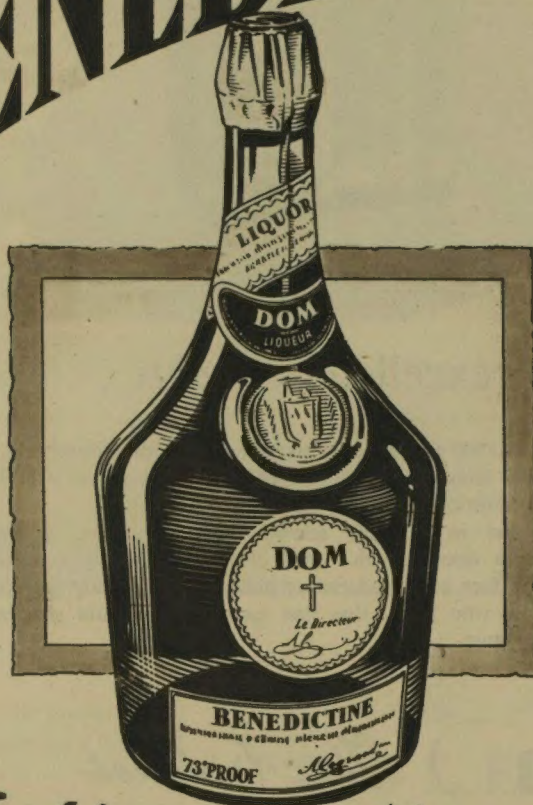
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### HIS EXCELLENCY

BOTTLES ARE ENVOYS: they carry credentials. Many of them have foreign addresses, and seem always to wear decorations; stars, medallions, ribbons, seals. They are dressed for the ball, the reception, the banquet. They are specious and polished, jewelled with foils.

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*Scotch Whisky*

